SQUA TRONT

7

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SQUA TRONT 7

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Inside front cover: Bernard Krigstein. Inside back cover: Al Williamson (a 1957 sample page).

LETTERS

I recently acquired *Squa Tront* # 5 from Krupp Comic Works. I wish you had given a source for the stunningly beautiful page of Krigstein pirate drawings on the inside back cover; what amazing depth of field and magnificent calligraphic draftsmanship. Krigstein is one of my all time EC favorites. The unique spatial effects he achieves are quite similar to the space in 3-D comics that you described in your article on 3-D. Figures and objects in Krigstein drawings always seem to be paper-thin, but are situated in exaggerated perspective settings (often drawn from unusual angles, e.g., from near-floor-level, so that ceilings are visible in interiors) to give an incredibly intense depth of field. But while his figures are paper-thin, they are by no means always *flat;* Krigstein is a master at using tilted and curved planes which lead one back into the deep space of the panel.

By the way, it's not quite correct to say, as you did in your 3-D article, that each layer of 3-D art always appears flat. 3-D comics frequently used tilted and even curved planes (remember the 3-D Fleer ad with Pud blowing a giant bubble?). Besides, who ever said comics were supposed to be realistic? Even in the more realistic ones, like ECs, I have always felt that what one gets is a highly selective artificial, stylized, *caricatural* replica of the 'real' world which gives a far more intense impression of realism than a slavishly imitative technique would, just as Krigstein's simplified and exaggerated space is more powerfully affecting than fully modelled

(continued on page 18)

Thanks to the following for providing assistance and/or advice: Mike Barrier, J.B. Clifford, Jr., Tom Inge, Larry Ivie, Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Pearson, Andrew Porter, Sheldon Shepps, Bill Spicer, Larry Stark, Bhob Stewart, Supersnipe Comic Book Euphorium, Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. and Ted White. Our Thanks to Bill Gaines and Al Williamson for permitting the use of their material. Typesetting by LUNA Publications.

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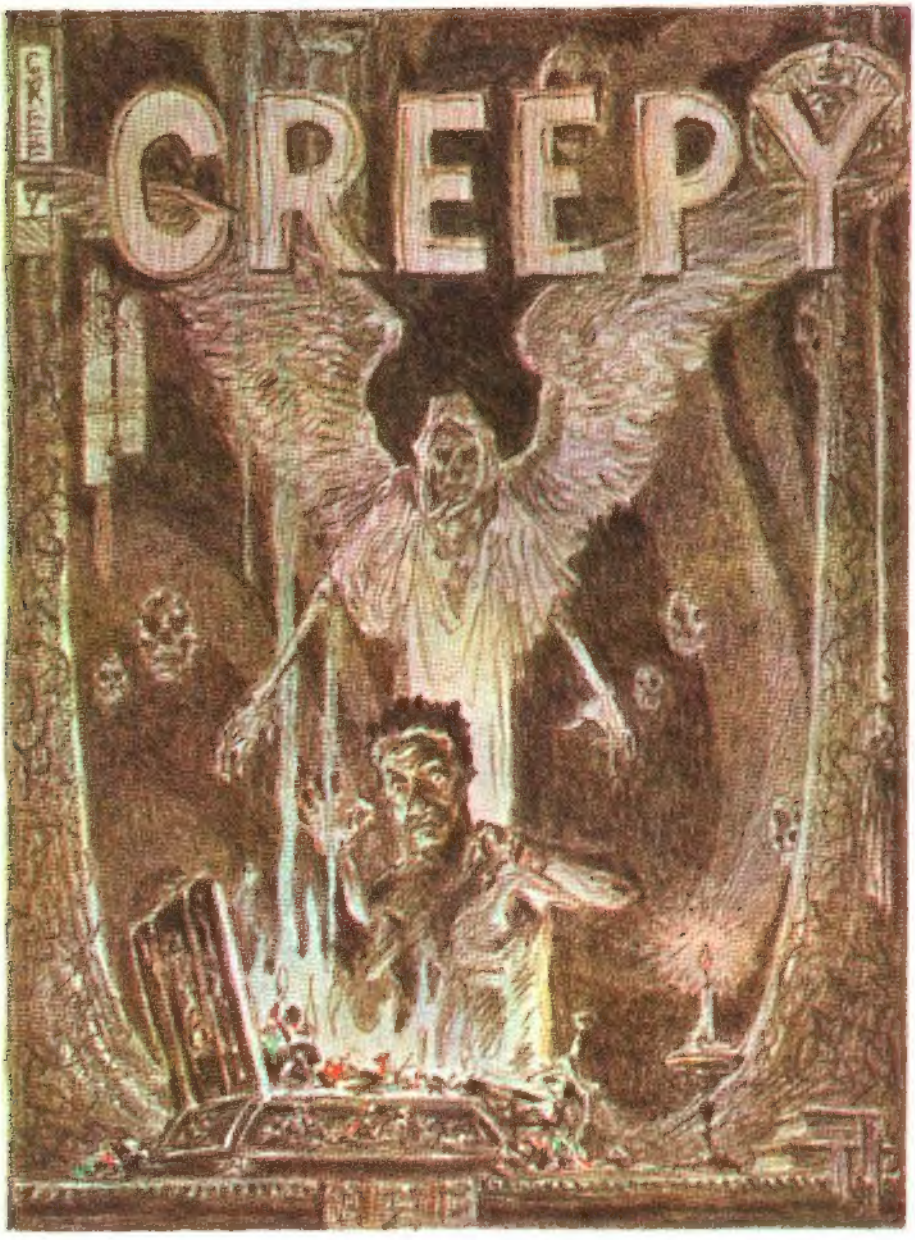
KRENKEL & CREEPY



When Archie Goodwin was editing *Creepy* and *Eerie* in 1964, he had a casual conversation with Roy Krenkel about doing some cover paintings, and Roy promised to bring in a few concept sketches. When he finally brought in the 'few sketches,' they turned out to be an enormous sheaf of drawings in all stages of refinement.

Krenkel's cover concepts capture the imagination in a way that goes beyond his strong compositional sense and his unquestioned ability as an artist. One senses that he's carefully reviewed a complete mental narrative and chosen the most interesting moment to depict. At the same time, and most importantly, his scene doesn't reveal the *whole* narrative. There are unexplained elements that inevitably compel the reader to wonder what chain of events could have led to the strange scene and how the situation will resolve itself. Some of the sketches utilize classic fantasy situations, although often obscure ones, but it is this sense of *narrative in progress*, rather than a climax or a non-narrative illustration, which is the unusual element that fascinates.

A black and white detail study of the angel of death in this scene can be seen on page 50 of Squa Tront *# 5.*

Somehow Roy didn't get around to actually painting a cover, although he did do several one page interior features. But his cover drawings deserve an audience even if they never reached their final stage. This is but a small selection of the total file of sketches, some merely the pictorial jotting down of ideas, many of them alternate workings and refinements of recurring themes. In choosing the material for publication, rather than simply presenting a portfolio of finished drawings, we've elected to focus on the wealth of Krenkel's imaginative concepts. —jb

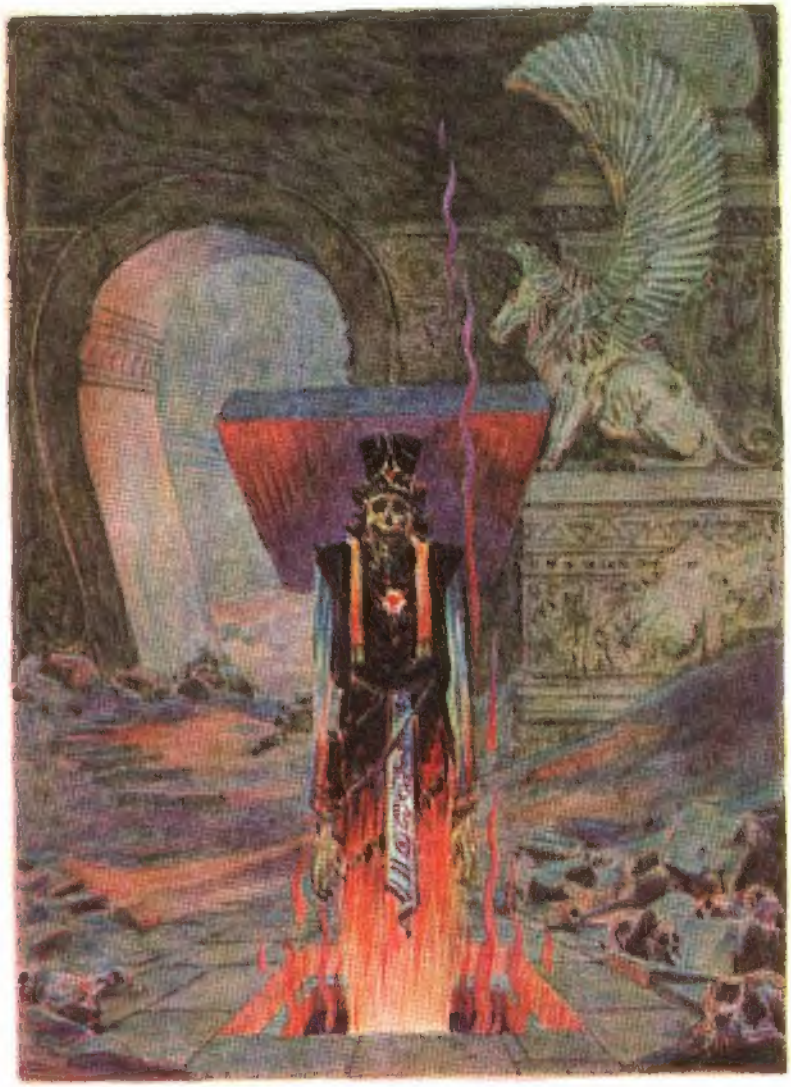
CREEPY

ROY KRENKEL'S PUBLISHED WORK FOR GOODWIN EDITED WARREN MAGAZINES

CREEPY
1 "H_2O World" (assisted Williamson on art).
6 (concept for Frazetta cover).
"Loathsome Lore" — mummy's curse (art).
"Gargoyle" (story concept).
7 (concept for Frazetta cover).
9 "Loathsome Lore" — yeti (art and concept).

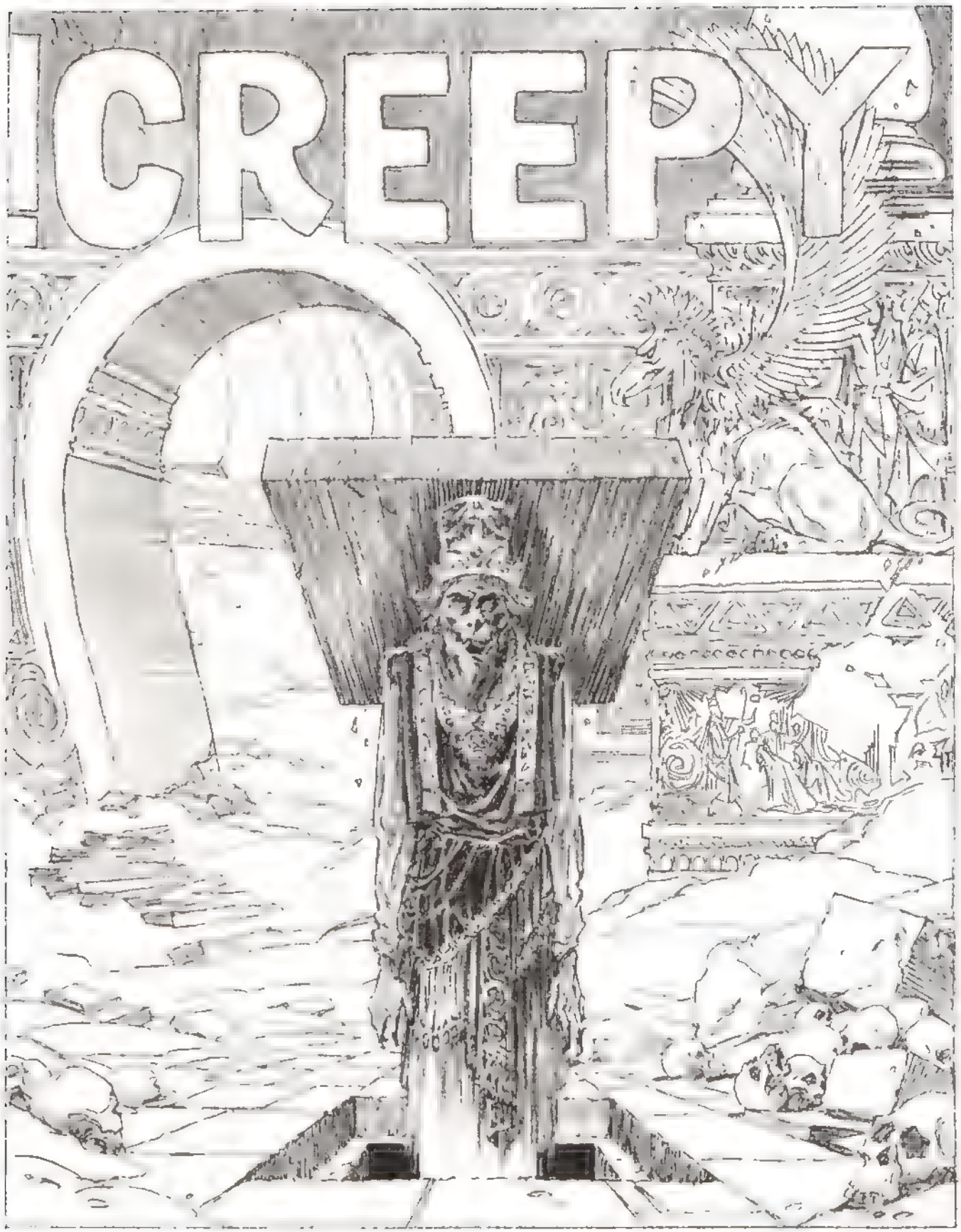
EERIE
4 "Monster Gallery — Zombies" (art and script).
5 "The Mummy Stalks" (story concept).
9 "Monster Gallery — The Cyclopses" (art and script).
10 "Monster Gallery — The Wendigo" (art and script).

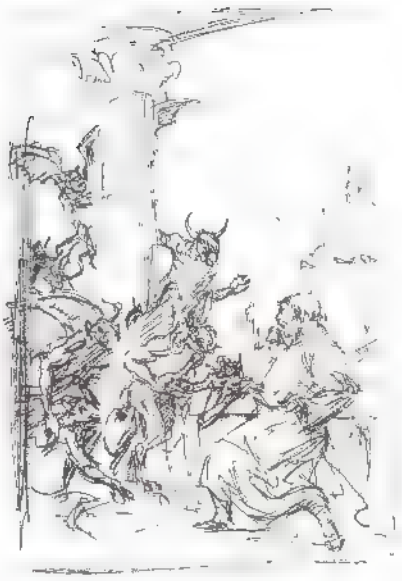
The two preliminary drawings for "The Wendigo," below, both seem superior to the published version in Eerie *# 10. The sketch above is one of several versions of a scene that was used by Frank Frazetta for the cover of* Creepy *# 6. On the top right of the opposite page is another study used by Frazetta, for the cover of* Creepy *# 7.*



CREEPY

EERIE


CREEPY



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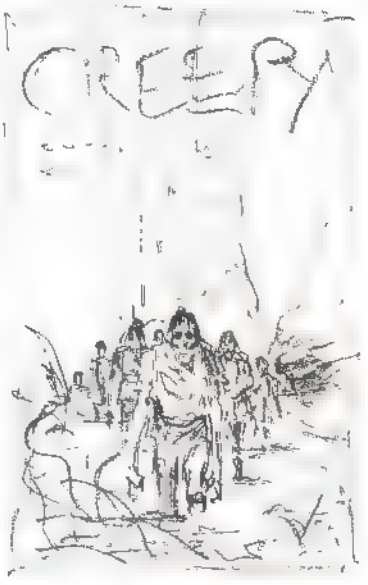
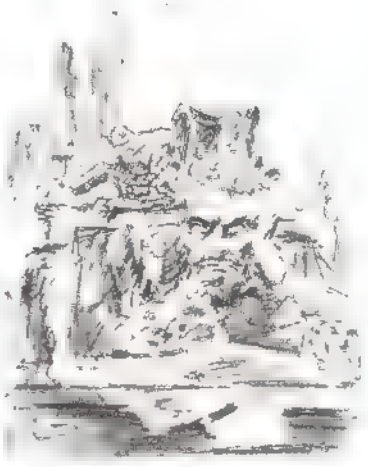

CREEPY



SWIPE FILE

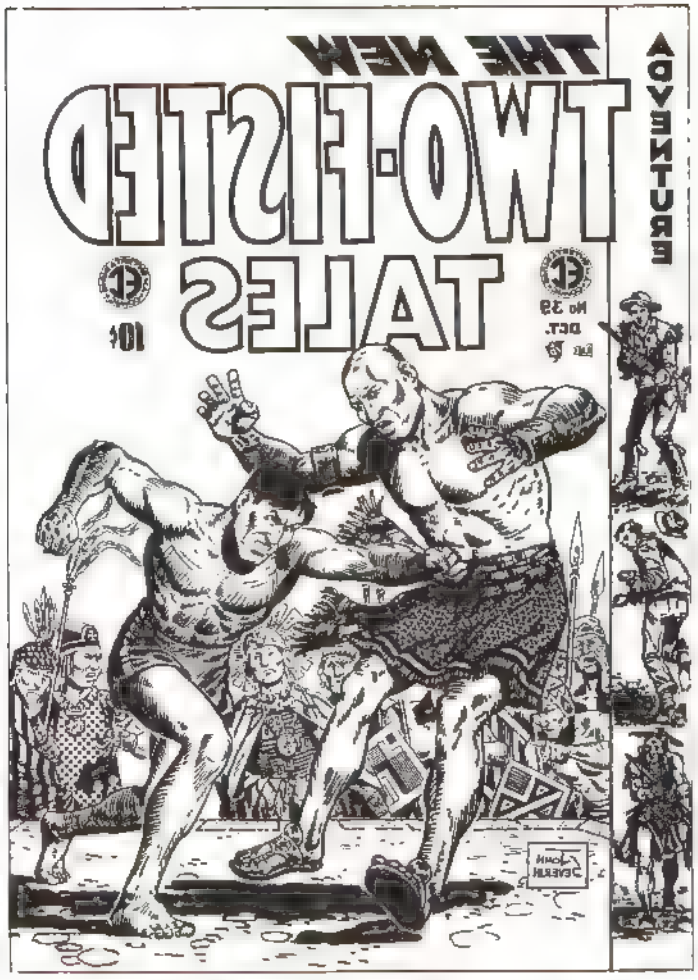
Finding swipes in comics should be considered nothing more than an engaging parlor game, and it is in that spirit that we present the following samples of swipes from EC. Certainly we are not pointing an accusing finger at thieves of the muse. Swiping is part of the industry; in a field where publishers have long openly imitated the titles and concepts of other publishers, many artists have logically reasoned that they can't be blamed for swiping from other artists.

EC has been an unusually enduring source of swipes. In half of the examples here more than a decade passed between the original and the swipe (A, B, C). If the swiper adds the spread of *distance* as well as time (B), he can be brazen. Nearly all EC artists received this form of sincere flattery; four are shown here. Also represented are all possible configurations involving a cover: cover to cover (B); cover to story panel (C, E); and story panel to cover (D). The last is a rare example of an illustration copied; tracing is more usual. Finally, one will occasionally find an artist borrowing from himself (A), but then that's been the privilege of great artists throughout history.

We invite readers to send in examples of EC swipes for an expanded "Swipe File" next issue. Send the title, issue no. and page no. of the original and of the swipe. A xerox of the swipe would be appreciated. The first person sending in any swipe that's used will receive a copy of the issue.

A

B



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A: *Incredible Science Fiction* # 32, Nov.-Dec. 1955, "Food for Thought," pg. 1 :: *Flash Gordon* # 1, Sept. 1966, "Flash Gordon," pg. 7
B: *Two Fisted Tales* # 39, Oct. 1954, cover :: *El Halcon Negro* (Blackhawk) # 259, Sept. 15, 1966, cover. C: *M. D.* # 1, Apr.-May 1955, cover · *Doctor Strange* # 169, June 1968, "The Coming of Dr. Strange," pg. 4. D: *The Vault of Horror* # 26, Aug.-Sept. 1952, "Graft in Concrete," pg. 1 :: *Beware* # 6, Nov. 1953, cover. E: *The Vault of Horror* # 32, Aug.-Sept. 1953, cover :: *Strange Stories of Suspense* # 7, Feb. 1956, "The Eyes," pg. 2. F: *The Haunt of Fear* # 5, Jan.-Feb. 1951, "A Biting Finish," pg. 3 . *Beware! Terror Tales* # 1, May 1952, "Custodian of the Dead," pg. 2.

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DING EXPERIENCE!

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"NOW, AS THE FLAMES OF THE DIMLY-LIGHTED BRAZIER LICK THE CEILING ABOVE, I CAN *REMEMBER*... AND BRIEFLY LIVE AGAIN MY CAREER AS A PROMINENT *PHYSICIAN*..."

HIS HAND NEVER *FALTERS*! THEY SAY HE'S THE GREATEST *NEURO-SURGEON* IN THE WORLD!

THAT *FINISHES* IT! THE PATIENT WILL *LIVE*!

--WHICH SIMPLIFIES THE MATTER TO WHOM I SEND MY *BILL*!

4

C

D

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BEWARE

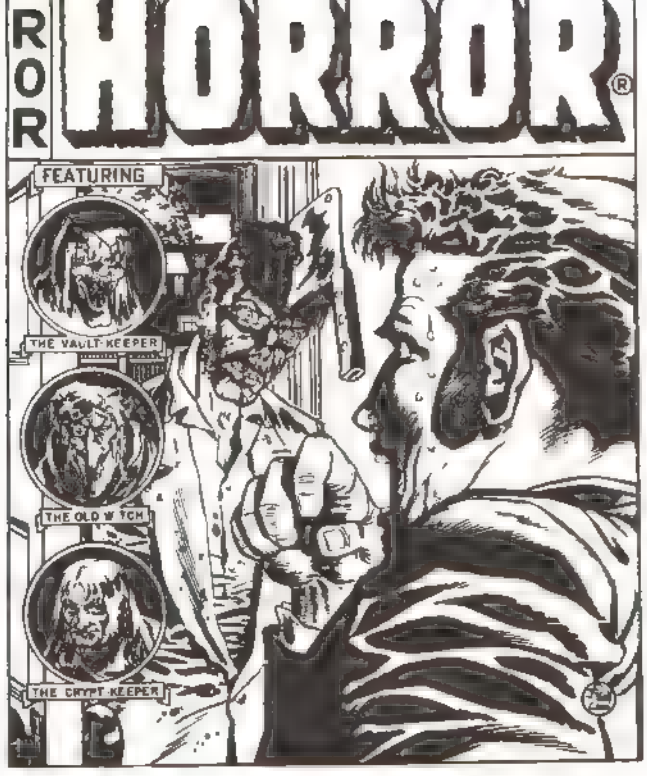
10¢

I'S TIM! HE WON'T STAY BURIED!

I TOLD YOU WE'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH MURDER!

THING FROM BEYOND

E


ROR HORROR®
FEATURING
THE VAULT KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE CRYPT KEEPER
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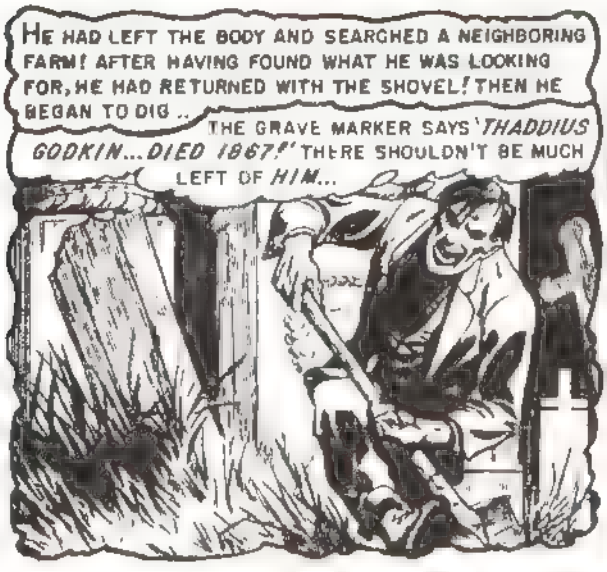
NO! NO!

F


HE HAD LEFT THE BODY AND SEARCHED A NEIGHBORING FARM! AFTER HAVING FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR, HE HAD RETURNED WITH THE SHOVEL! THEN HE BEGAN TO DIG ..
THE GRAVE MARKER SAYS 'THADDIUS GODKIN... DIED 1867!' THERE SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF HIM...
© 1977 by Wm M Gaines

SOON A HOLLOW THUD TOLD BRUNO HE HAD STRUCK OLD THADDIUS GODKIN'S COFFIN! HE LIFTED THE ROTTED LID...
NOTHING BUT BONES AND SHREDS OF CLOTHING! THIS WILL DO FINE...
3

THEN, CROUCHING, HE BEGAN TO DIG FEVERISHLY! AN HOUR WENT BY. HE TREMBLED AND SWEATED PROFUSELY FROM THE EFFORT!
GOT TO WORK—FASTER! FASTER! SOMEBODY MIGHT HEAR ME DIGGING!

WITH TREMULOUS FINGERS, HE PULLED BACK THE LID, AND HE SAW—
A RING—A SOLID GOLD RING!

(LETTERS continued from pg. 2)

'illustonistic' space would be. If the reverse were true, the blandest technically-competent illustration would be the greatest comics art. (People who put down Feldstein for being a klunky draftsman really piss me off; as Bill Gaines said in one of your earlier issues, it was that fine 'clean brushwork' that gave a large charge to the true comics fan!)

—William J. Mason
Montreal, Canada

All the balloonless Krigstein full pages in Squa Tront *5, 6, and 7 are from two stories, "Captain Splint's Hairy Helper" and "Black Silver Heart."*

I would be very interested in seeing features like the following in *Squa Tront*

i) a checklist of EC authors by story,

ii) identification of where the EC staff appear in their own stories,

iii) the *Two-Fisted Annual* covers,

iv) Krigstein's latest work,

v) perhaps a feature on storyboard and advertising art done by EC artists (Davis, etc.),

vi) more interviews,

vii) more Kurtzman "Hey Looks,"

viii) information on whether there was a cover drawn for the s-f 3-D # 3, and, if not, who was scheduled to draw it,

ix) more of those great EC graphics.

—Steven Lasker
Los Angeles, Calif.

i) If someone volunteers to do the necessary research (which would involve contacting the known outside EC writers, among other things), Squa Tront *would be glad to run such a checklist. Another interesting project would be to index the sources of EC plot swipes. To be at all complete, one would have to start by getting a few people with a broad knowledge of the s-f and pulp fields to look through an EC collection. Then the list could be widely circulated before publication for additions. I recently discovered an obscure story swipe, incidentally. I had always assumed that Jack Oleck's inspiration for his "Rest in Peace" in* Terror Illustrated *# 1 (Nov-Dec. 1955) was Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." However I came across the same story in* Black Magic *# 28 (Jan.-Feb. 1954) under the title "Buried Alive," illustrated by Steve Ditko. Except for the greatly expanded text in the Picto-Fiction version, the two stories are nearly identical. "Buried Alive" begins, "Tuesday: I must set it all down." "RIP" starts, "Thursday: I feel impelled to write." Obviously, Oleck must have written the* Black Magic *story and then swiped from himself in* Terror Illustrated. *Archie Goodwin tells me that "My Brother's Keeper" in* Shock Illustrated *# 2 (February 1956) is a similar example of an Oleck EC Picto-Fiction script that had earlier appeared in* Black Magic. *Coincidentally, Oleck recently sold the same story to Joe Orlando for a DC mystery title just about the time that the original appeared in DC's reprint edition of* Black Magic.

ii) Again, if someone does the research (not such an extensive job in this case), we'll run it.

iii) The Two-Fisted Annual *covers will be in the next issue—in color!*

iv) Krigstein is mostly painting landscapes these days. His current work is so far afield from his comics work that most readers would not consider it relevant to Squa Tront.

v) See this issue's feature on Davis's animated commercials.

vii) As a matter of fact, Squa Tront *hasn't published any "Hey Looks." However, Denis Kitchen has published a high class underground comic,* Kurtzman Komix *(a terrible title), which reprints 33 pages of vintage "Hey Look," "Pot Shot Pete," and "Genius" (re-titled "Sheldon" for reasons unknown), and has an original cover by Kurtzman and an introduction by Robert Crumb. Although most of the pages have been reprinted before in various places (19 pages in the early* Mad *comics alone), this is still a bargain at $1.15 postpaid. You can order it from Denis at P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wis. 54968. While we're at it, another Kurtzman item deserving of a plug is the signed numbered print available for $5 from Bill Peckmann, Rm. 403, 65 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (sent first class in a sturdy mailing tube). This gigantic scene of a pinball haven has at least 100 characters doing funny things in every corner, highly recommended.*

(viii) Bill Gaines confirms that no cover had been scheduled for the 3-D s-f book when it was canceled (odd, because the cover is usually the first part of a comic to be printed). The job would probably have been assigned to Feldstein or Wood.

The Krigstein interview and the accompanying illustrations were extremely successful in revealing Krigstein both as a gifted comics innovator/storyteller and as an illustrator. I particularly enjoyed the Hillman illustrations. They have a wonderful movement to them and are really delicate. The comics excerpts have excited me a great deal and have given me much food for thought. Remember, I have actually seen very little of his work, so this sampling was really appreciated. The text of the interview certainly sustains itself and the new sections added the backbone lacking previously. Particularly appreciated were his comments on *The People's Comic Book;* his comments and the accompanying two panels successfully put his view of comic art, and his place in it, in a very clear perspective. His comments on spontaneity were also very sensitive. Finally, his critique of Eisner and Kurtzman, and the concluding general remarks, showed a clarity missing in your first edition of the interview. A very important point I must make is that when reading the earlier edition, I really did not fully understand or appreciate Krigstein's belief that each panel must be a piece of art by itself. But now, in the context of the entire magazine, particularly due to the many illustrations, his view becomes much more meaningful to me, much more dynamic. In other words, I guess you've succeeded in making *Squa Tront* # 6 work as a single artistic unit, as opposed to a series of articles.

"The Red Badge of Courage" roughs are still a source of exploration for me. I find very interesting Krigstein's ability to create 'moments' on the page, his ability to successfully change moods within a surprisingly short amount of space, and his marvelous use of movement from panel to panel.

Bhob Stewart's evaluation of Krigstein's stories was enjoyable in a 'nostalgic' sort of way—his youthful writing style was full of energy and I did actually enjoy it as a piece of writing—but I definitely have reservations about its inclusion in the issue. The magazine certainly could have profited from a critical overview of Krigstein's work that would tie up the loose ends, and it seems that this is what you were striving for with Bhob's article. But I just don't feel the article was strong enough to sustain the weight of the rest of the magazine.

I'm also a bit confused over your selection of the front and back covers. I did not see what was so special about them, and actually felt that they paled by comparison to much of the work contained inside.

—David Kasakove
Binghamton, N.Y.

I've been reading and re-reading the interviews you sent me [*Talk With B. Krigstein* and *A Talk with H. Kurtzman*]. Also have exhumed several old *Playboys* and studied "Annie Fanny." It was a pleasure to read about these men who have been swingers in a wide variety of comics and slicks.

Krigstein's comments about space problems in comics were right on the nail. I'm sure the stories he wished to expand from five pages to twelve would have been much more readable done his way. Kurtzman's problems as a writer and editor were well presented. He would have definite ideas about how his situations should be drawn, and would inevitably clash with artists who saw otherwise. However, as one who did both writing and drawing, I am inclined to side with the artists. It is so *easy* for writers to fill panels with windy dialogue and descriptive boxes that the Krigsteins are left with no room in which to move their characters' elbows.

—Carl Barks
Goleta, Calif.

Squa Tront # 6 was beautiful, the articles timeless, and the only thing I found wanting was the space devoted to the breakdowns for "The Red Badge of Courage." It was just a bit too much for too little. I'll grant them their historic and informative values, but they were a bit below the rest of the contents in interest. I loved the Hillman pages, sans text. Beautiful! And the pencil pages were outstanding. What book were they from? Especially the pool-shooting scenes . . .

J.m Vadeboncoeur, Jr.
Palo Alto, Calif.

A printer's gremlin removed the credit line from the pool-shooting panels. They're from "The Fly," which Krigstein specifically mentions (in the text on the same page) as a story where his pencilling was ruined by the inking.

When I got *Squa Tront* # 6 I first flipped through the issue to see if it was *really* an all-Krigstein issue, because I knew I wouldn't be interested if it was. I must confess to a superficial familiarity with his work. Something about his style initially turned me off long ago, and I'd never go out of my way to seek his work out. But in flipping through *Squa Tront,* a sentence or paragraph here and there would catch my attention. After several enticing bits, I finally started from the beginning . . . and was surprisingly fascinated.

I was also impressed with "Master Race." Again, I confess to not being familiar with the story. I never saw a copy of *Impact* # 1, and I never could afford that giant EC collection, so these reduced reproductions were my first introduction.

I now come away with considerable respect for someone I may have casually dismissed just a couple of days ago.

—Denis Kitchen
Princeton, Wis.

I can't comment too much about the Krigstein interview except to say it's still one of the best I've read, seeming better now than when I first read it in 1962, and just as relevant today as it was then. I don't know what the general consensus is on the state of the art these days, but I don't think Krigstein's ideas and principles have ever really been taken and developed by anyone in comics. I remember being amazed in 1955 by that final page sequence in "Master Race," and for me that kind of technical and artistic breakthrough or the promise of it has never been fully realized, though artists have since copied the approach.

The most surprising thing I learned was that Krigstein disliked Eisner's work, or at any rate was never very impressed with it. Krigstein's comments seem to be spoken from an ivory tower point of view where the artist supposedly can aspire only toward the highest form of fine art—hardly the situation with comic books, and especially not with Eisner having to crank out a *Spirit* 7-pager every week of the year. From this standpoint, Krigstein's attitude strikes me as unrealistic and unprofessional, not to mention hypocritical. I can see where Krigstein might not like Eisner's manipulation of cliches and sentimentality, but I'd think he would concede Eisner's manipulation was sometimes stated in flashes of technique that broke from the same status quo that Krigstein himself later rebelled against in his own way.

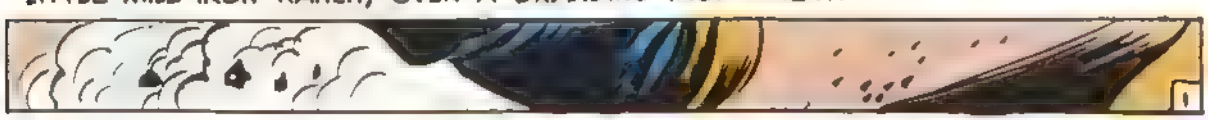
The Feldstein/Krigstein comparison on page 16, "Monster from the Fourth Dimension," is a good example of what Gary Arlington must be talking about; a science fiction pulp story done in EC's earlier visceral style, shown panel-to-panel above Krigstein's intellectualized, bloodless approach to the same scenes. This is one instance where EC's tendency to compatibly match certain artists with certain scripts—a Davis story for Davis, an Ingels story for Ingels—was turned around to the opposite extreme of art and story at odds with one another, a reverse example of the inspired choices of assigning Krigstein "The Flying Machine" and "Master Race." Much as I like most of Krigstein's art, Feldstein's style for "Monster" is the more suitable, given the nature of the story, drawn in his bluntly representational technique. Feldstein's blob is a mass of raw flesh-colored matter with shape and form, giving the impression of something you could physically chain between two trees. Krigstein's is flat, without much feeling of bulk and depth, even looking at the monster in its original 3-D format. The text describing the guy covering the blob in Feldstein's panel is illustrated by a mound of dirt that looks like dirt, with the guy dutifully wielding his shovel next to a trailerful of more dirt. Krigstein's

(continued after insert)

LUCKY FIGHTS IT THROUGH
THE STORY OF...
ALL WORDS AND MUSIC OF THE SONG FAVORITE
...THAT IGNORANT COWBOY
YUH CHEAP TWO-BIT TINHORN! I'LL TEACH YUH TO RUN A STRAIGHT RON ON MY CALVES!

LUCKY JORDAN WAS A TOPHAND COWPUNCHER. HE KNEW STEERS AND HORSES. HE KNEW THE TRICKS OF STICKING ON A WILD BRONC'S ARCHING BACK, THE LOOP OF A LARIAT IN MIDAIR, THE THRILL OF DIVING TOWARD THE CURVING HORNS OF A BRAHMA BULL INSIDE THE RODEO ARENA. BUT THERE WERE SOME THINGS LUCKY DIDN'T KNOW. ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMEN, HE WASN'T SO WISE.

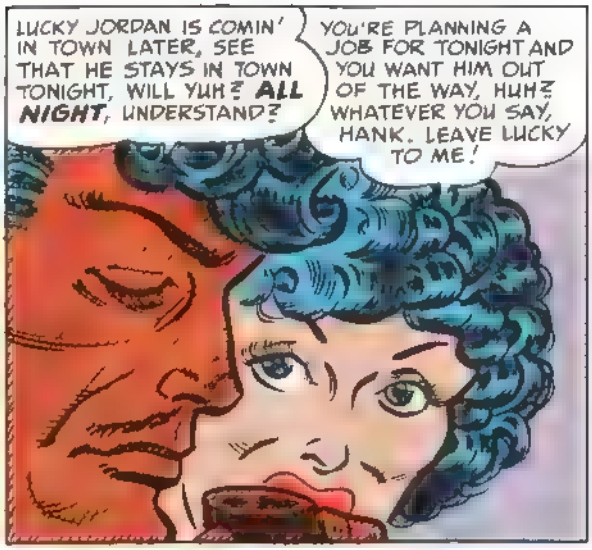
SO THIS IS LUCKY'S STORY AND IT OPENS ON THE GRAZE GROUND OF HIS LITTLE MILL IRON RANCH, OVER A BRANDING IRON FIRE...



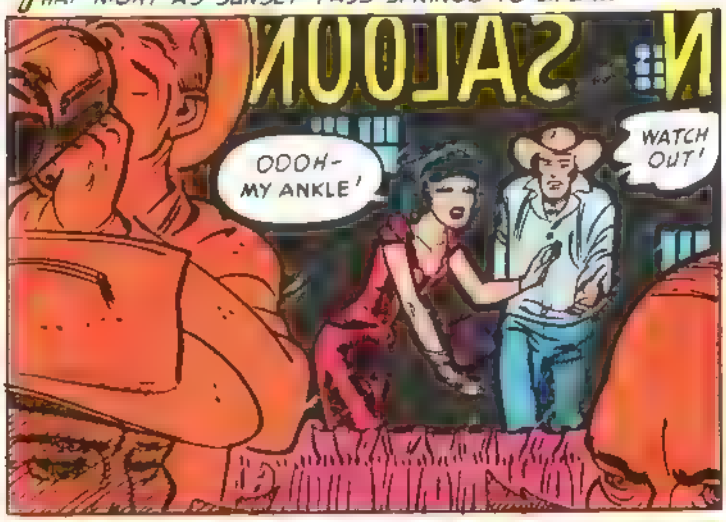
MEBBE THEY CALL YUH HANDSOME HANK-- BUT YUH WON'T BE SO HANDSOME WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
CLOP
GET UP, HANK. YUH AIN'T HURT AS BAD AS YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE!
I - I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF OUR STRAYS, LUCKY!
OVER ON MY SPREAD? YUH MUST THINK I'M A TENDERFOOT TO SWALLOW A WINDY LIKE THAT! GET ON YORE FEET!
RECKON YUH'RE A LITTLE TOO SMART FOR YORE OWN GOOD, HOMBRE. IF YUH DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YORE MAW AN' SISTER - OR ONE OF HER YOUNG ONES --
WHY YUH--
IF YUH SO MUCH AS PUT YORE DIRTY FEET WITHIN SHOOTIN' RANGE OF MY MILL IRON RANCH HOUSE, I'LL ···
EASY LUCKY-- GO EASY··· I WAS ONLY FUNNIN'!
LUCKY IS TOO DANG CLEVER! AFTER THIS, HE'S LIABLE TO BE RIDIN' THE RANGE, WITH THEM EYES OF HIS THAT SEE EVERYTHING. I GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY! BUT— HOW?
2

SOMETIME LATER IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF SUNSET PASS.

HANK, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE LOST EVERY FRIEND YOU EVER HAD!
WHAT GOOD ARE FRIENDS? I--HMM, SAY SURE--SURE! KATEY, YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE--DO ME A FAVOR, HUH?

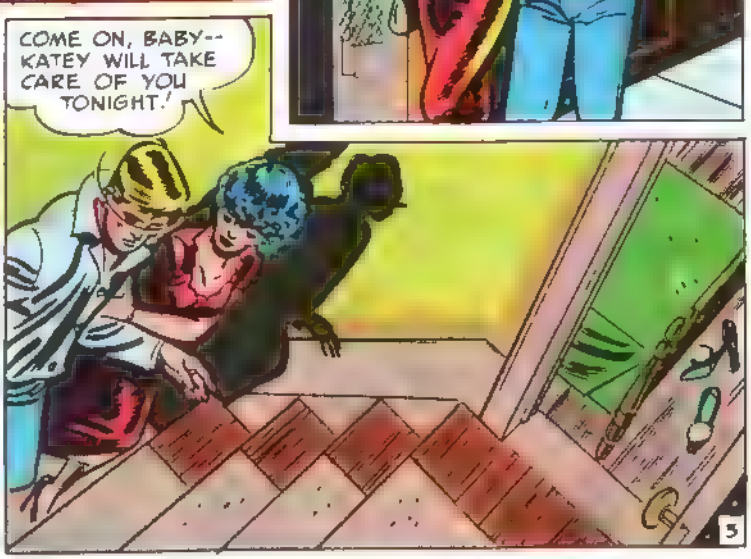

LUCKY JORDAN IS COMIN' IN TOWN LATER, SEE THAT HE STAYS IN TOWN TONIGHT, WILL YUH? ALL NIGHT, UNDERSTAND?
YOU'RE PLANNING A JOB FOR TONIGHT AND YOU WANT HIM OUT OF THE WAY, HUH? WHATEVER YOU SAY, HANK. LEAVE LUCKY TO ME!

THAT NIGHT AS SUNSET PASS SPRINGS TO LIFE...



SAY, YOU'RE A REAL NICE FELLER! WHY NOT COME IN AND HAVE A NIGHT-CAP WITH ME? COME ON NOW, DON'T BE SHY!
WE-ELL... ALL RIGHT. I'LL HAVE A DRINK OF SODA, THOUGH... I'M IN TRAINING FOR THE FALL RODEO!
SALOON

ONCE INSIDE THE SALOON, AS LUCKY TURNS FOR A MOMENT TO WATCH THE LUCK OF THE CARDS AT A NEARBY TABLE--



ON THE MORNING, A LITTLE SICK AND SHAKY, LUCKY REELS FROM THE DESERT QUEEN, KATEY'S SOFT LAUGHTER STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS...

I'M A FOOL! A FOOL!!

STORE

DESERT QUEEN SALOON CLOSED

I CAN'T WASTE MY STRENGTH LIKE THAT IF I HOPE TO MAKE A GO OF THE RANCH AND WIN THAT RODEO PRIZE--AND I HAVE TO DO THAT TO TAKE CARE OF MAW AND SIS AND HER YOUNGSTERS!

LUCKY THREW HIMSELF INTO A FURY OF ROPING AND BRANDING, OF CHECKING SADDLE GEAR AND BRIDLES. BUT ONE MORNING, SOME DAYS AFTERWARD...

HUH? SAY-- THAT'S A SORE DOWN THERE--I-- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT!

BUT THE SORE SOON DISAPPEARS, AND LUCKY THINKS NO MORE OF HIS TROUBLE. THEN, ON ANOTHER MORNING, WEEKS LATER...

A RASH! SAY-- NOW WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? MUST BE A LITTLE PRICKLY HEAT, I RECKON. HMMM... RECKON SOME SKIN BALM WILL TAKE CARE OF IT!

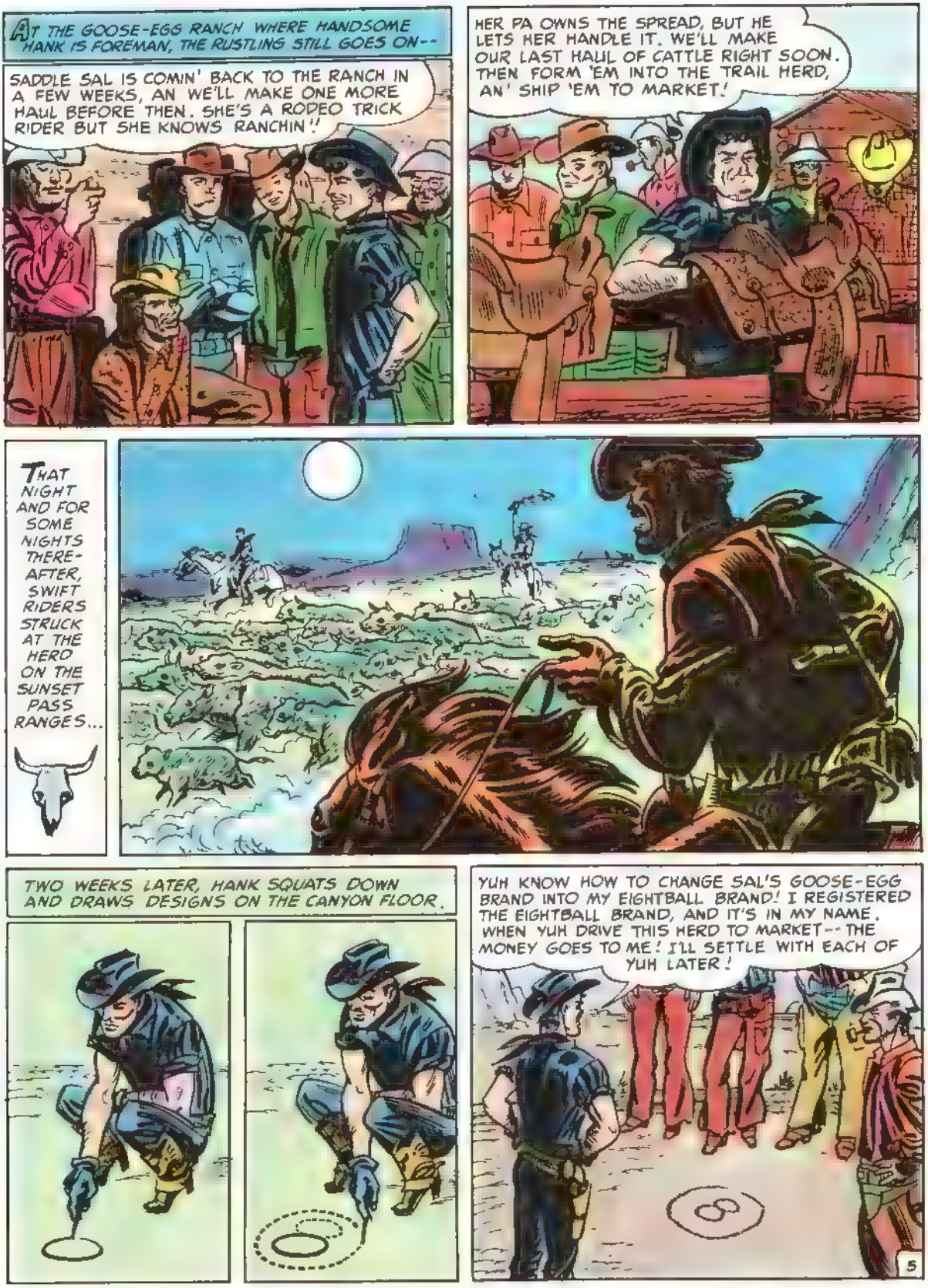
THERE! NOW I'M JUST AS RIGHT AS RAIN. BUT-- MEBBE I OUGHT TO SEE THE DOC ABOUT THIS... I WANT TO BE IN TIPTOP SHAPE FOR THAT RODEO. WINNIN' THOSE PRIZES MEANS A LOT TO MAW AND SIS!

THERE WAS MUCH JOKING AND LAUGHTER AMONG THE COWHANDS WHEN LUCKY SHOWED UP AT THE CORRAL THAT MORNING...

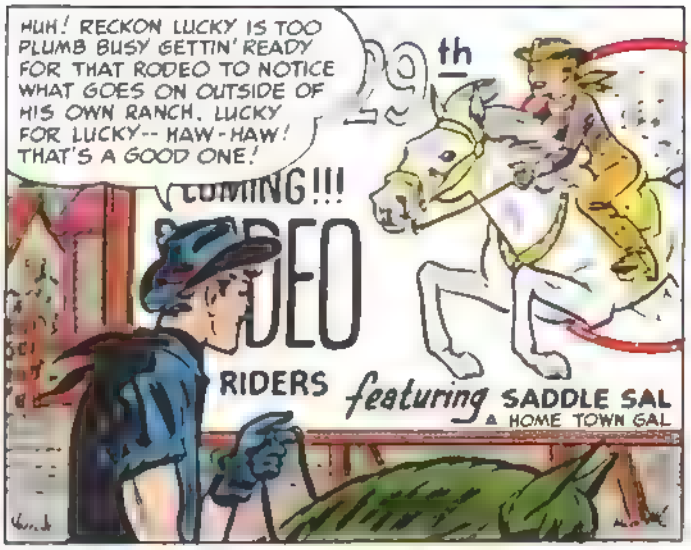
WHAT GOT YUH, LUCKY-- THE MEASLES?

MEBBE AN OLD MOSSY HORN DRAGGED YUH THROUGH SOME BARREL CACTUS! HAW HAW!

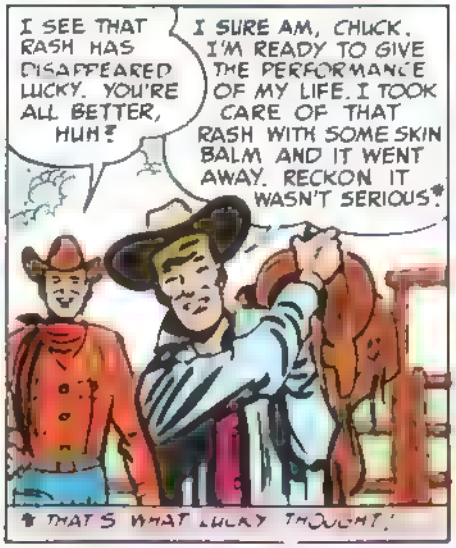
I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE! THAT'S ALL!


AT THE GOOSE-EGG RANCH WHERE HANDSOME HANK IS FOREMAN, THE RUSTLING STILL GOES ON--
SADDLE SAL IS COMIN' BACK TO THE RANCH IN A FEW WEEKS, AN WE'LL MAKE ONE MORE HAUL BEFORE THEN. SHE'S A RODEO TRICK RIDER BUT SHE KNOWS RANCHIN'!
HER PA OWNS THE SPREAD, BUT HE LETS HER HANDLE IT. WE'LL MAKE OUR LAST HAUL OF CATTLE RIGHT SOON. THEN FORM 'EM INTO THE TRAIL HERD, AN' SHIP 'EM TO MARKET!
THAT NIGHT AND FOR SOME NIGHTS THEREAFTER, SWIFT RIDERS STRUCK AT THE HERD ON THE SUNSET PASS RANGES...
TWO WEEKS LATER, HANK SQUATS DOWN AND DRAWS DESIGNS ON THE CANYON FLOOR.
YUH KNOW HOW TO CHANGE SAL'S GOOSE-EGG BRAND INTO MY EIGHTBALL BRAND! I REGISTERED THE EIGHTBALL BRAND, AND IT'S IN MY NAME. WHEN YUH DRIVE THIS HERD TO MARKET-- THE MONEY GOES TO ME! I'LL SETTLE WITH EACH OF YUH LATER!
5

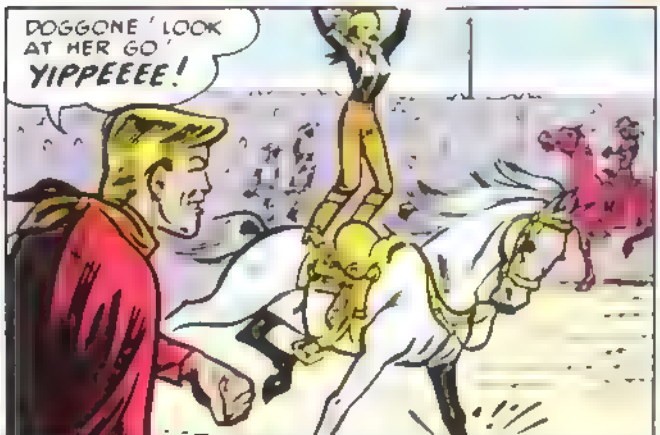
WHEN I GET THE MONEY FOR THAT HERD, I'LL BE A RICH MAN. I CAN BUY MY OWN SPREAD, THEN, AND NOBODY'S GOIN' TO STOP ME! NOT EVEN -- LUCKY JORDAN!


HUH! RECKON LUCKY IS TOO PLUMB BUSY GETTIN' READY FOR THAT RODEO TO NOTICE WHAT GOES ON OUTSIDE OF HIS OWN RANCH. LUCKY FOR LUCKY -- HAW-HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
th
COMING!!!
RIDERS
featuring SADDLE SAL
A HOME TOWN GAL

LUCKY IS BUSY THESE DAYS. THERE IS EQUIPMENT TO BE CHECKED, REPAIRS TO BE MADE. HE IS FEELING IN TIP TOP SHAPE...

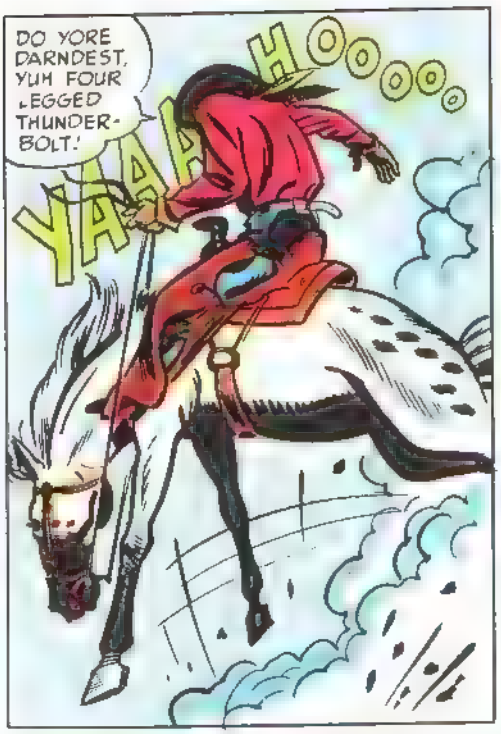

I SEE THAT RASH HAS DISAPPEARED LUCKY. YOU'RE ALL BETTER, HUH?
I SURE AM, CHUCK. I'M READY TO GIVE THE PERFORMANCE OF MY LIFE. I TOOK CARE OF THAT RASH WITH SOME SKIN BALM AND IT WENT AWAY. RECKON IT WASN'T SERIOUS*
* THAT'S WHAT LUCKY THOUGHT!

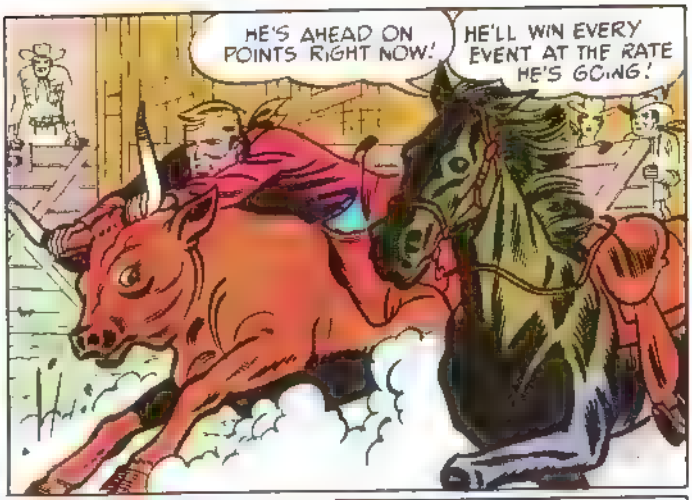
ON THE DAY THE RODEO OPENS, LUCKY RIDES AT THE FRONT OF THE PARADE, HIS EYES NEVER LEAVING THE FACE OF A PRETTY GIRL WHOSE BLONDE HAIR IS GATHERED UNDER A BLACK SOMBRERO -- SADDLE SAL



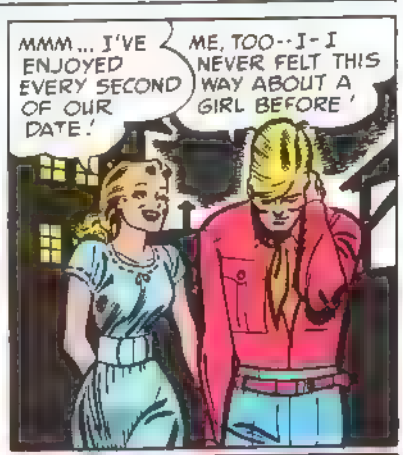
AS THE GIRL RIDERS OPEN UP WITH A FANFARE AND A ROUND OF DARING RIDES, LUCKY FINDS HIS EYES GLUED TO SAL.....

AS HE LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE CHUTE FOR THE FIRST EVENT- THE SADDLE BRONC RIDING LUCKY MUTTERS GRIMLY

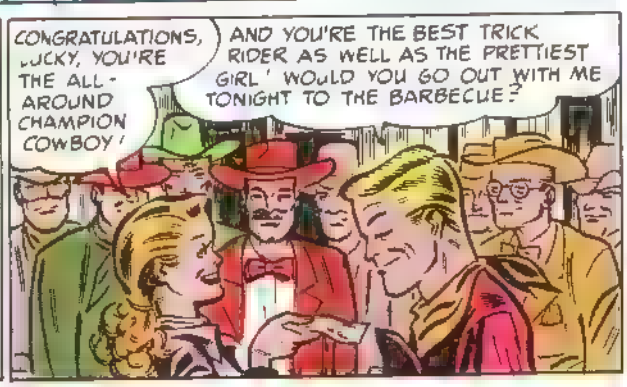




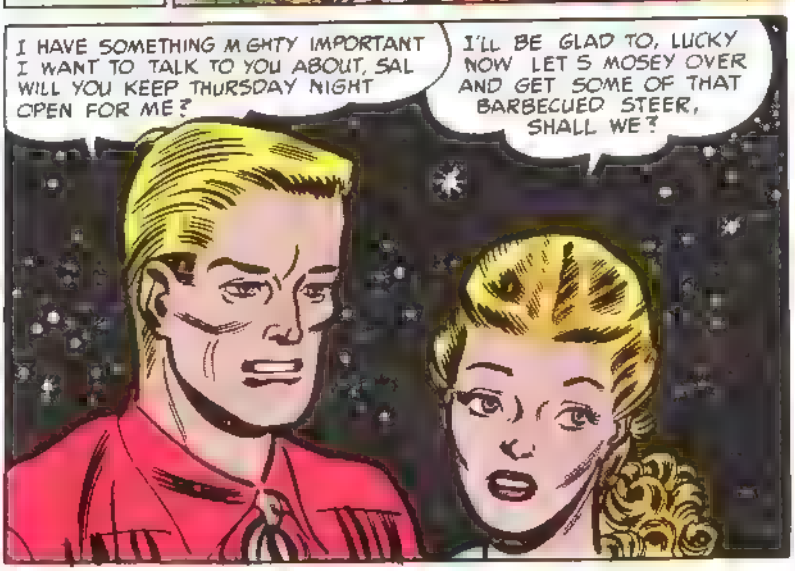
LUCKY IS A TWO-LEGGED THUNDERBOLT HIMSELF! FIRST PLACE IN SADDLE BRONC RIDING -- FIRST PLACE IN BARE-BACK BRONC RIDING THEN THE BULL-DOGGING EVENT...



THE DAY BEFORE THE RODEO ENDS, THE PRIZES ARE DISTRIBUTED, AND LUCKY RECEIVES HIS PRIZE MONEY FROM SADDLE SAL.

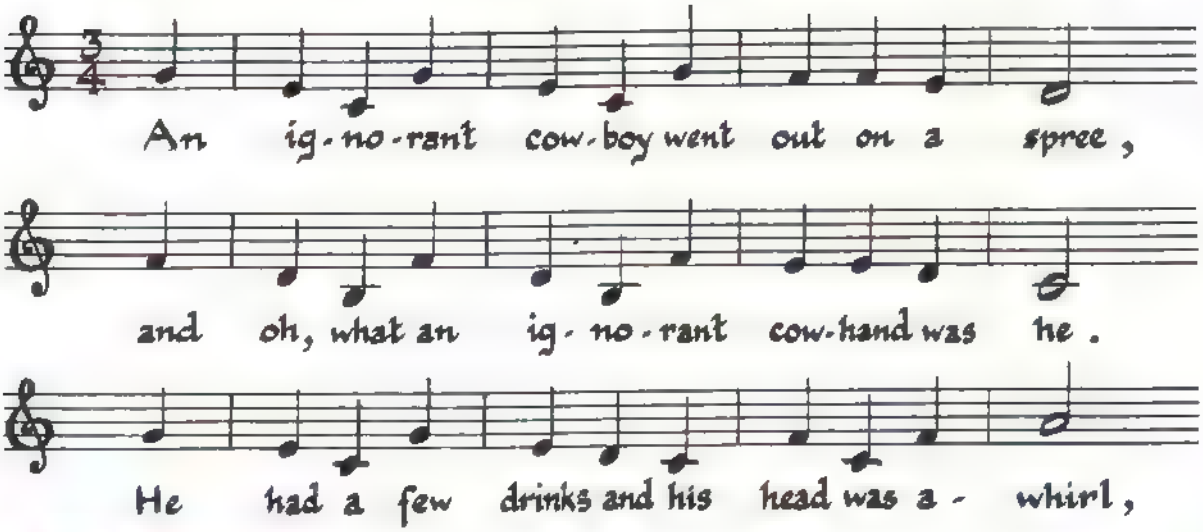

CONGRATULATIONS, LUCKY, YOU'RE THE ALL-AROUND CHAMPION COWBOY!
AND YOU'RE THE BEST TRICK RIDER AS WELL AS THE PRETTIEST GIRL! WOULD YOU GO OUT WITH ME TONIGHT TO THE BARBECUE?

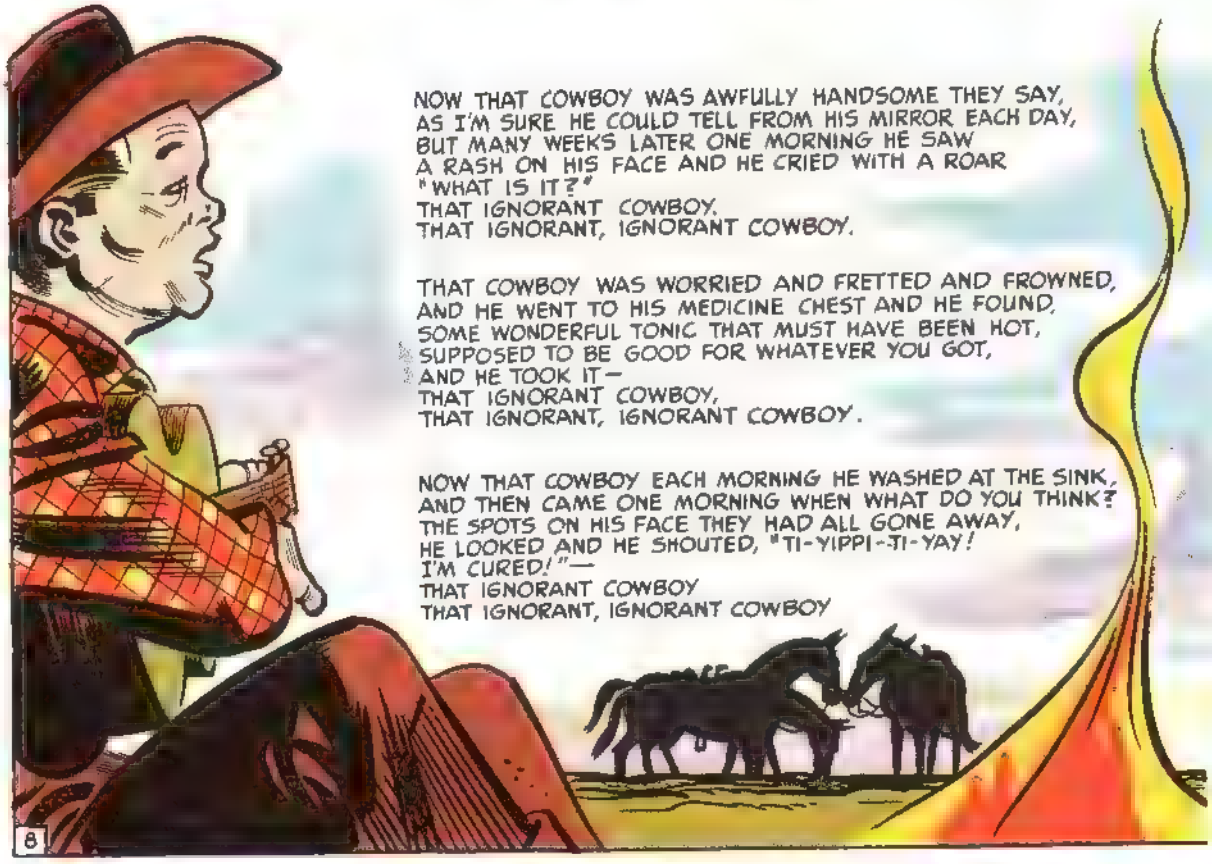
SAL AND LUCKY HAVE BEEN DISCOVERING THAT THE WORLD HAS TURNED TO MAGIC, AND THAT MAGIC MUST BE--**LOVE!**


I HAVE SOMETHING MIGHTY IMPORTANT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, SAL WILL YOU KEEP THURSDAY NIGHT OPEN FOR ME?
I'LL BE GLAD TO, LUCKY NOW LET'S MOSEY OVER AND GET SOME OF THAT BARBECUED STEER, SHALL WE?

THAT IGNORANT,

WORDS BY ERIC BARNOUW





NOW THAT COWBOY WAS AWFULLY HANDSOME THEY SAY,
AS I'M SURE HE COULD TELL FROM HIS MIRROR EACH DAY,
BUT MANY WEEKS LATER ONE MORNING HE SAW
A RASH ON HIS FACE AND HE CRIED WITH A ROAR
"WHAT IS IT?"
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY.
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

THAT COWBOY WAS WORRIED AND FRETTED AND FROWNED,
AND HE WENT TO HIS MEDICINE CHEST AND HE FOUND,
SOME WONDERFUL TONIC THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HOT,
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD FOR WHATEVER YOU GOT,
AND HE TOOK IT—
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY,
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

NOW THAT COWBOY EACH MORNING HE WASHED AT THE SINK,
AND THEN CAME ONE MORNING WHEN WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THE SPOTS ON HIS FACE THEY HAD ALL GONE AWAY,
HE LOOKED AND HE SHOUTED, "TI-YIPPI-TI-YAY!
I'M CURED!"—
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY

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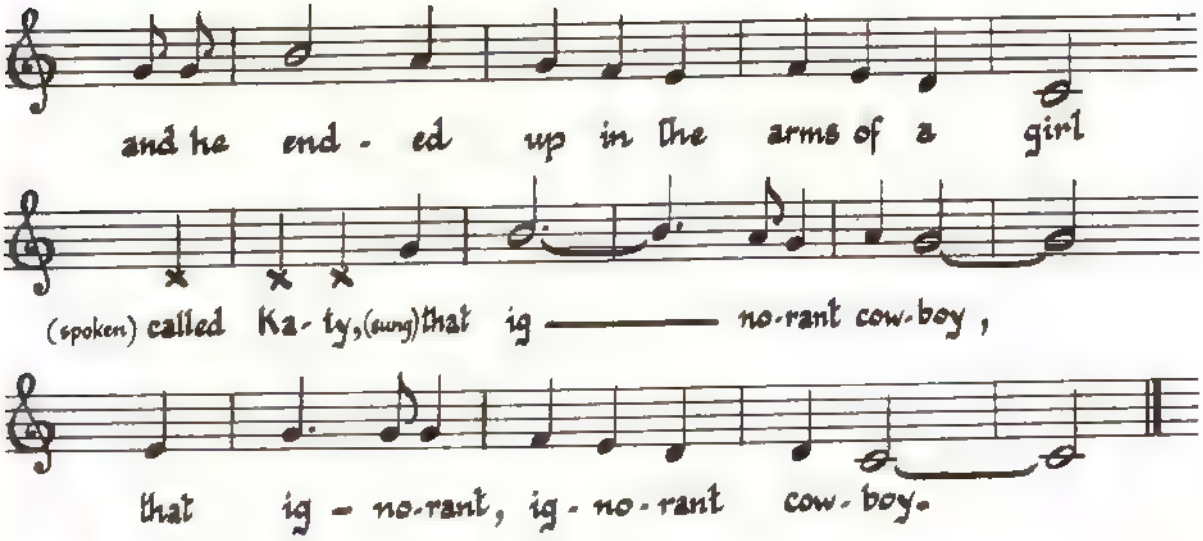
IGNORANT COWBOY

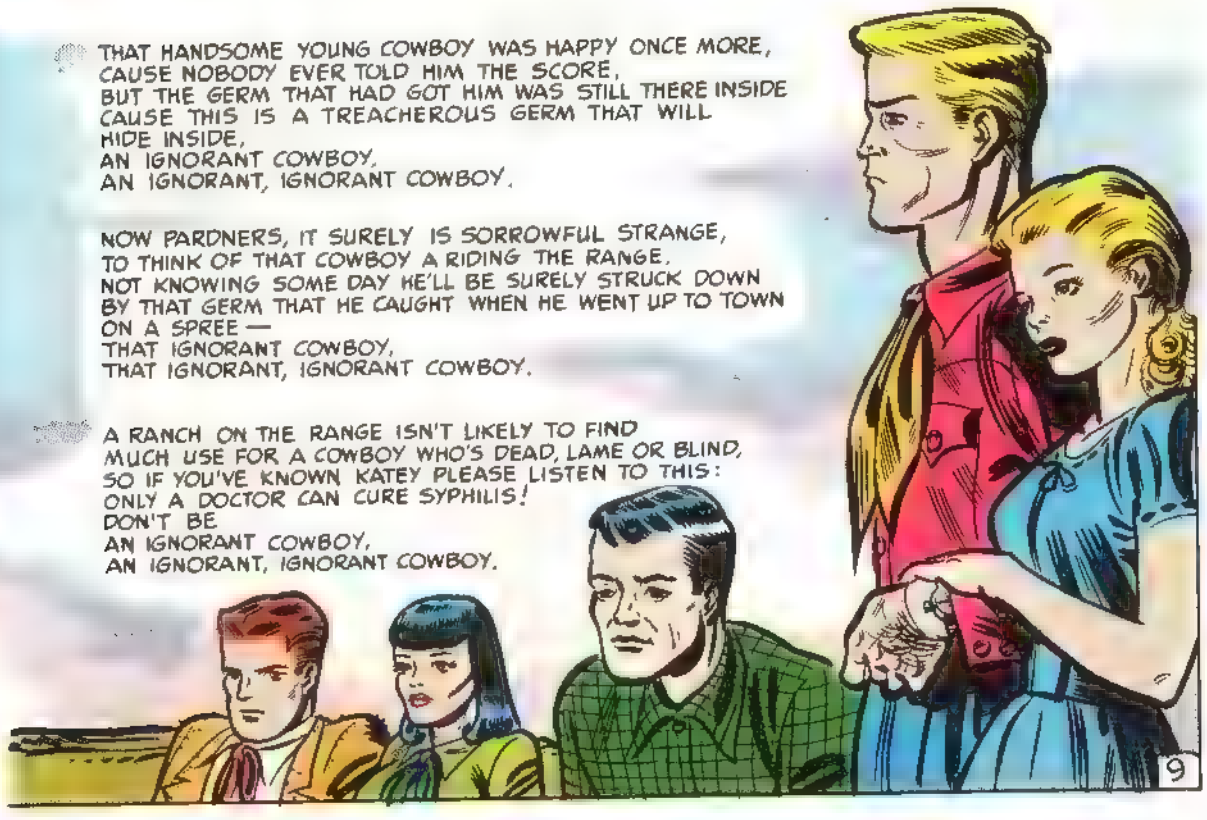
MUSIC BY TOM GLAZER

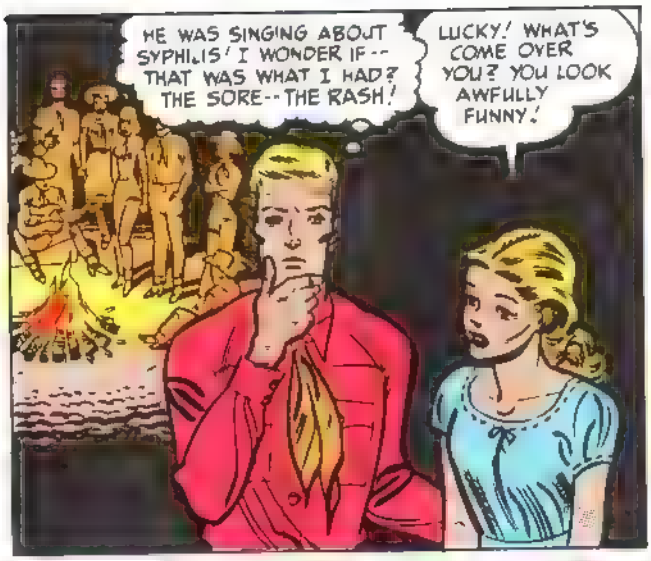


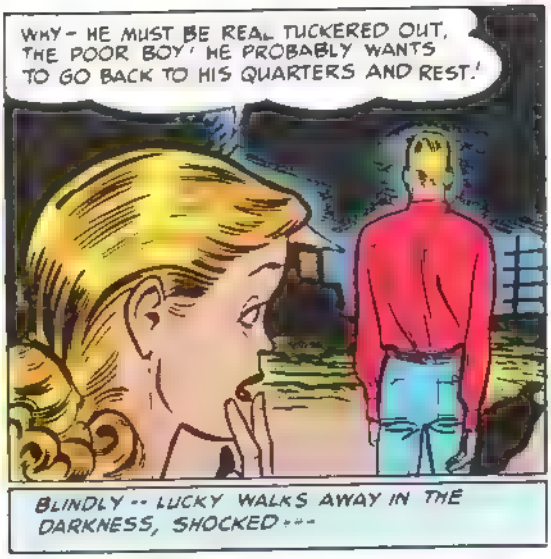
THAT HANDSOME YOUNG COWBOY WAS HAPPY ONCE MORE,
CAUSE NOBODY EVER TOLD HIM THE SCORE,
BUT THE GERM THAT HAD GOT HIM WAS STILL THERE INSIDE
CAUSE THIS IS A TREACHEROUS GERM THAT WILL
HIDE INSIDE,
AN IGNORANT COWBOY,
AN IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

NOW PARDNERS, IT SURELY IS SORROWFUL STRANGE,
TO THINK OF THAT COWBOY A RIDING THE RANGE,
NOT KNOWING SOME DAY HE'LL BE SURELY STRUCK DOWN
BY THAT GERM THAT HE CAUGHT WHEN HE WENT UP TO TOWN
ON A SPREE —
THAT IGNORANT COWBOY,
THAT IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

A RANCH ON THE RANGE ISN'T LIKELY TO FIND
MUCH USE FOR A COWBOY WHO'S DEAD, LAME OR BLIND,
SO IF YOU'VE KNOWN KATEY PLEASE LISTEN TO THIS:
ONLY A DOCTOR CAN CURE SYPHILIS!
DON'T BE
AN IGNORANT COWBOY,
AN IGNORANT, IGNORANT COWBOY.

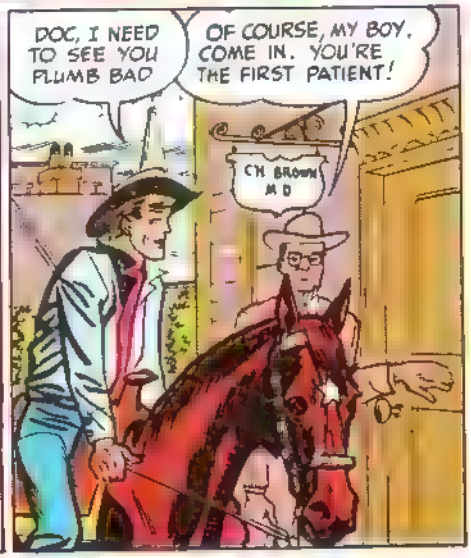



HE WAS SINGING ABOUT SYPHILIS! I WONDER IF -- THAT WAS WHAT I HAD? THE SORE -- THE RASH!
LUCKY! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? YOU LOOK AWFULLY FUNNY!

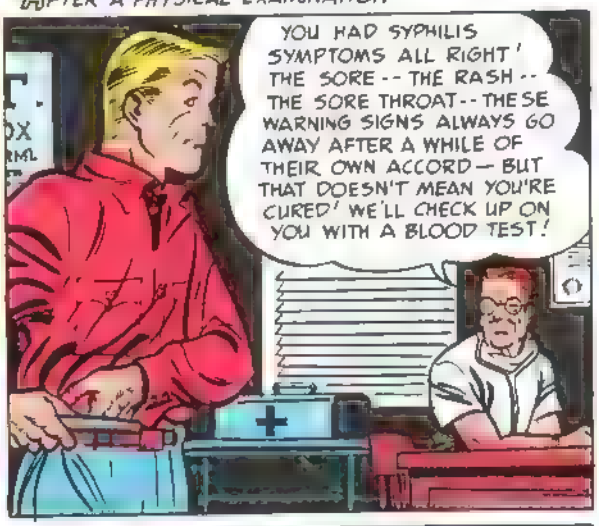


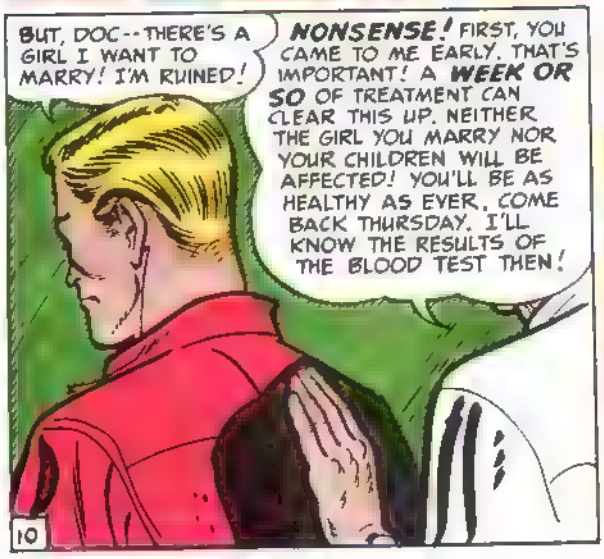
BLINDLY -- LUCKY WALKS AWAY IN THE DARKNESS, SHOCKED ---

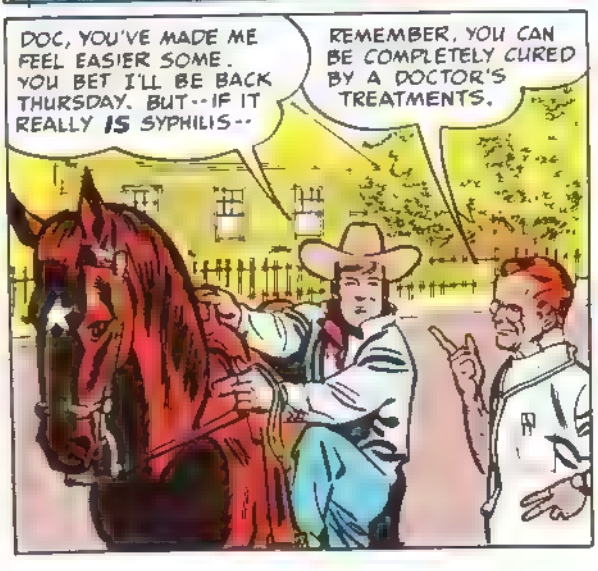
BUT THERE WAS NO REST FOR LUCKY THAT NIGHT! HE PACED HIS ROOM RESTLESSLY, HIS MIND CHURNING AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

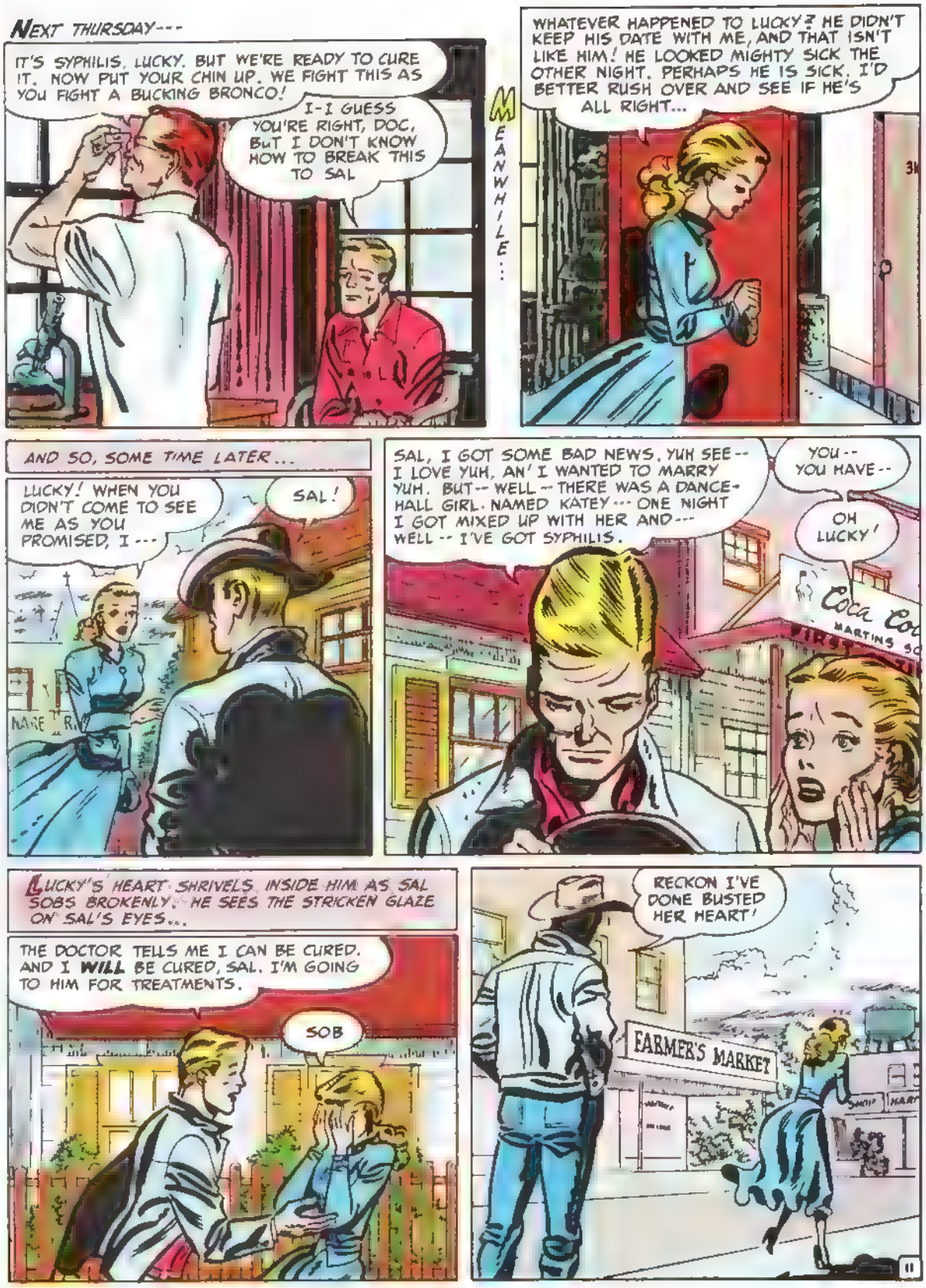


AFTER A PHYSICAL EXAMINATION ---


YOU HAD SYPHILIS SYMPTOMS ALL RIGHT! THE SORE -- THE RASH -- THE SORE THROAT -- THESE WARNING SIGNS ALWAYS GO AWAY AFTER A WHILE OF THEIR OWN ACCORD — BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE CURED! WE'LL CHECK UP ON YOU WITH A BLOOD TEST!


BUT, DOC -- THERE'S A GIRL I WANT TO MARRY! I'M RUINED!
NONSENSE! FIRST, YOU CAME TO ME EARLY. THAT'S IMPORTANT! A WEEK OR SO OF TREATMENT CAN CLEAR THIS UP. NEITHER THE GIRL YOU MARRY NOR YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE AFFECTED! YOU'LL BE AS HEALTHY AS EVER. COME BACK THURSDAY. I'LL KNOW THE RESULTS OF THE BLOOD TEST THEN!


DOC, YOU'VE MADE ME FEEL EASIER SOME. YOU BET I'LL BE BACK THURSDAY. BUT -- IF IT REALLY IS SYPHILIS --
REMEMBER, YOU CAN BE COMPLETELY CURED BY A DOCTOR'S TREATMENTS.


NEXT THURSDAY---
IT'S SYPHILIS, LUCKY. BUT WE'RE READY TO CURE IT. NOW PUT YOUR CHIN UP. WE FIGHT THIS AS YOU FIGHT A BUCKING BRONCO!
I-I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THIS TO SAL
MEANWHILE...
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LUCKY? HE DIDN'T KEEP HIS DATE WITH ME, AND THAT ISN'T LIKE HIM! HE LOOKED MIGHTY SICK THE OTHER NIGHT. PERHAPS HE IS SICK. I'D BETTER RUSH OVER AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT...
AND SO, SOME TIME LATER...
LUCKY! WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME TO SEE ME AS YOU PROMISED, I---
SAL!
SAL, I GOT SOME BAD NEWS. YUH SEE-- I LOVE YUH, AN' I WANTED TO MARRY YUH. BUT-- WELL -- THERE WAS A DANCE-HALL GIRL NAMED KATEY--- ONE NIGHT I GOT MIXED UP WITH HER AND--- WELL -- I'VE GOT SYPHILIS.
YOU-- YOU HAVE--
OH LUCKY!
LUCKY'S HEART SHRIVELS INSIDE HIM AS SAL SOBS BROKENLY. HE SEES THE STRICKEN GLAZE ON SAL'S EYES...
THE DOCTOR TELLS ME I CAN BE CURED. AND I WILL BE CURED, SAL. I'M GOING TO HIM FOR TREATMENTS.
SOB
RECKON I'VE DONE BUSTED HER HEART!
FARMER'S MARKET
11

SAL IS HEART-BROKEN. FLEEING TO HER GOOSE EGG RANCH SHE STARES MISTY-EYED AT THE CEILING OF HER BEDROOM.

I CAN'T STAY AROUND SUNSET PASS AND SEE LUCKY. I JUST COULDN'T! HE--HE WAS THE MAN I LOVED. BUT IF HE CARRIED ON WITH A DANCE-HALL GIRL--SOB--

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL TRAVEL WITH THE RODEO. I'LL RIDE AS I'VE NEVER RIDDEN BEFORE. I-I'LL MAKE A CAREER OF IT, AND--AND MAYBE I CAN FORGET LUCKY!

LUCKY TOO IS BROODING...

RECKON I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW THAT I'VE LOST SAL. I--I ALMOST DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE RANCH EITHER, NOW THAT MA AND SIS HAVE THE PRIZE MONEY I WON, THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE CHECKUPS I WANT TO TAKE, I'D VAMOOSE RIGHT PRONTO!... HUH... COUPLE OF STRANGERS!

ARE YOU LUCKY JORDAN?

WE'RE FROM THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION. THERE'S BEEN RUSTLING GOING ON IN SUNSET PASS. WE WANT TO BREAK IT UP AND CAPTURE THE HEAD MAN.

AN' WE FIGURE YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO BE OUR DETECTIVE!

KEEP TALKIN"

YOU KNOW CATTLE. YOU KNOW THIS TERRITORY. YOUR JOB MAY TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE, TRACKING DOWN CLUES, BUT YOU OPERATE OUT OF SUNSET PASS. IT'S DANGEROUS WORK.

I'LL TAKE IT!

SO LUCKY RIDES OUT OF SUNSET PASS ON THE TRAIL OF THE RUSTLERS...

THIS IS WHERE THEY GATHERED THEIR STOLEN HERD, ALL RIGHT. CATTLE "SIGN" IS ALL OVER THE PLACE, AND THEY BUILT BRANDING FIRES, AND TRAIL BRANDED THE STEERS!

IN YUMA HE COMES ON ONE OF THE RUSTLERS A LITTLE TOO LATE...

HUH--TOOK ME A COUPLE OF MONTHS TO TRAIL HIM HERE. AND NOW A BIT OF HOT LEAD CHEATS ME OUT OF SOME INFORMATION.

THE TRAIL LEADS THROUGH NEW MEXICO TO TEXAS AND UP TOWARD COLORADO. SLOWLY THE MONTHS SLIP BY BUT ALWAYS, LUCKY RETURNS TO SUNSET PASS IN TIME FOR A CHECKUP...

THE LAB REPORT ON YOUR BLOOD TEST SHOWS YOU'RE JUST FINE, LUCKY--- COULDN'T BE BETTER.

THAT'S RIGHT GOOD NEWS, DOC.

AND WHILE LUCKY IS HITTING THE SAGEBRUSH TRAIL AFTER THE SUNSET PASS RUSTLERS, SADDLE SAL IS BUILDING A REPUTATION AS "QUEEN OF THE RODEO"...

WHEE!

YAHOO!

'RAY, SAL!

ONE MORE POSE, SAL!

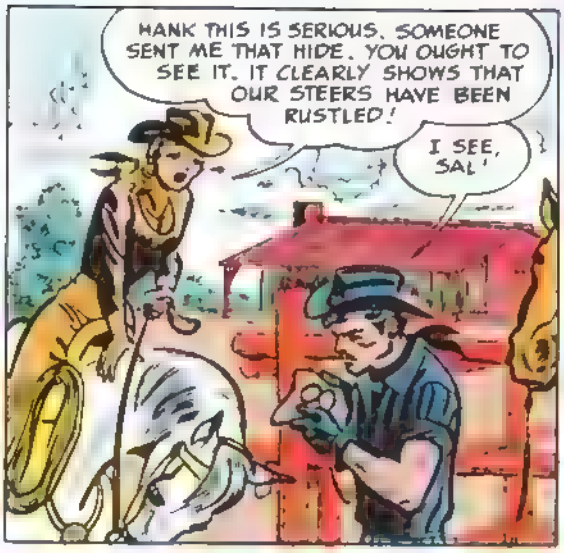
THIS'LL BE ON THE FRONT PAGE FIRST THING TOMORROW!

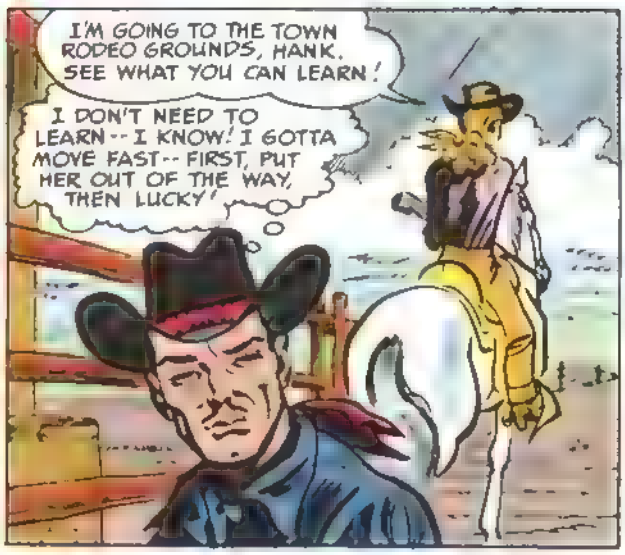
YOU'RE THE GREATEST RODEO RIDER OF ALL TIME!

ONE DAY--IN THE MAIL...

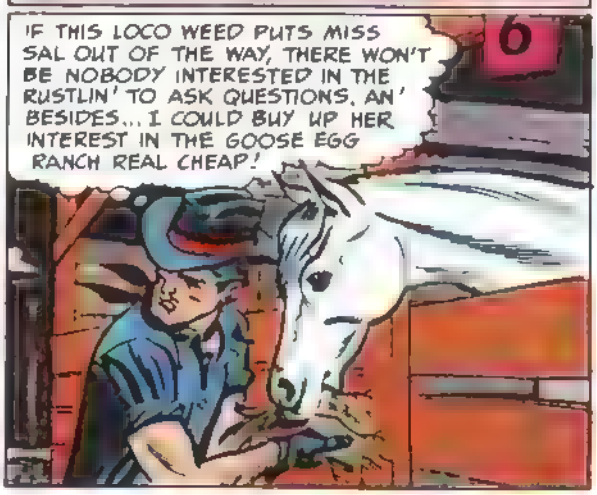
WHY--THIS PIECE OF HIDE HAS AN EIGHT BALL BRAND ON IT--BUT ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE HIDE--MY GOOSE EGG BRAND IS SEEN! WHOEVER SKINNED THIS STEER SKINNED IT FROM ONE THAT WAS RUSTLED FROM ME!

UNDERSIDE...

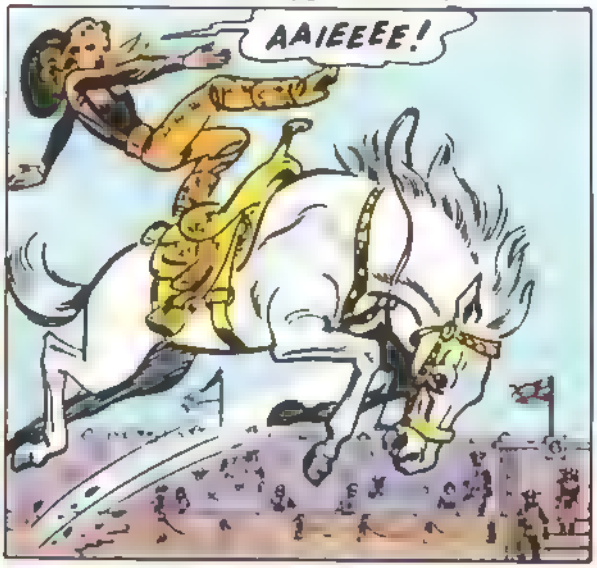

HANK THIS IS SERIOUS. SOMEONE SENT ME THAT HIDE. YOU OUGHT TO SEE IT. IT CLEARLY SHOWS THAT OUR STEERS HAVE BEEN RUSTLED!
I SEE, SAL!

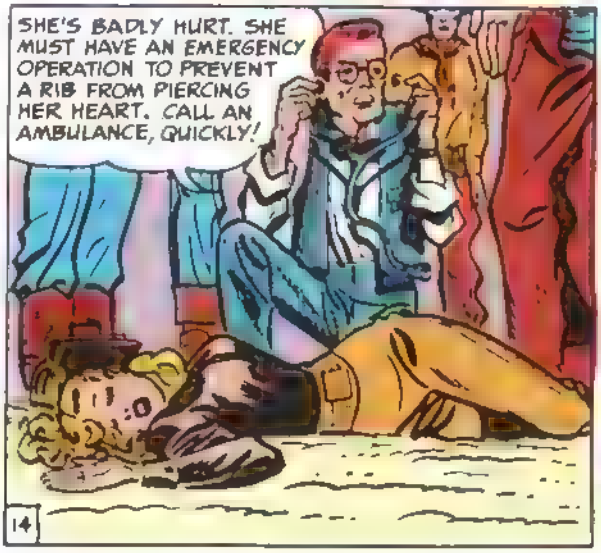

I'M GOING TO THE TOWN RODEO GROUNDS, HANK. SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!
I DON'T NEED TO LEARN -- I KNOW! I GOTTA MOVE FAST -- FIRST, PUT HER OUT OF THE WAY, THEN LUCKY!

THAT AFTERNOON JUST BEFORE SAL IS TO TAKE HER TURN ON THE PROGRAM...

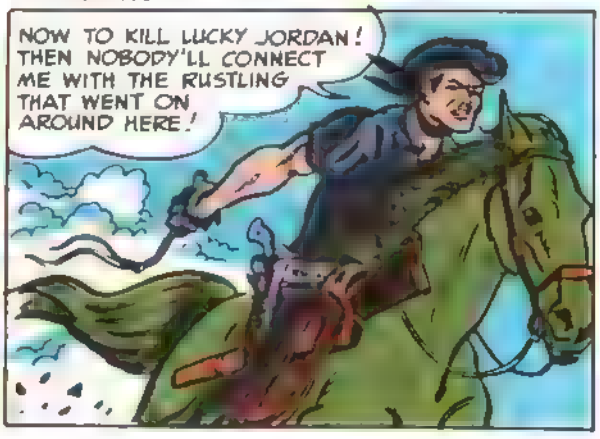

6
IF THIS LOCO WEED PUTS MISS SAL OUT OF THE WAY, THERE WON'T BE NOBODY INTERESTED IN THE RUSTLIN' TO ASK QUESTIONS, AN' BESIDES... I COULD BUY UP HER INTEREST IN THE GOOSE EGG RANCH REAL CHEAP!

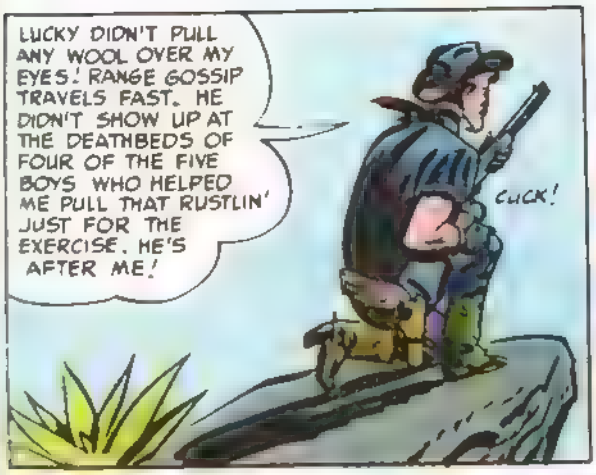
SOME MINUTES LATER AS SAL IS EXECUTING THE DIFFICULT ONE FOOT STAND...

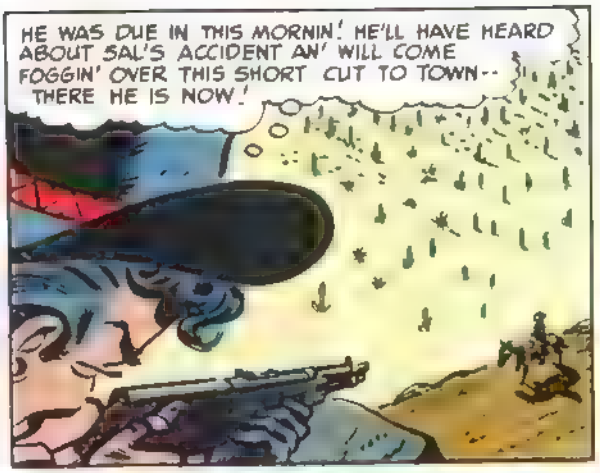


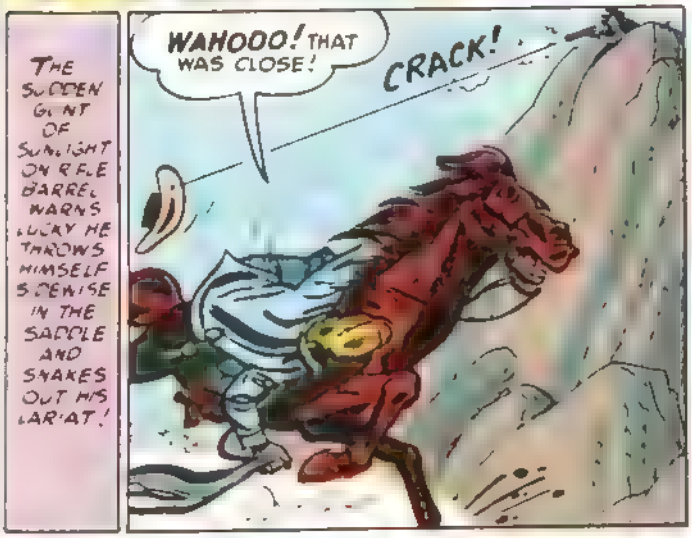


AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES FROM SUNSET PASS...

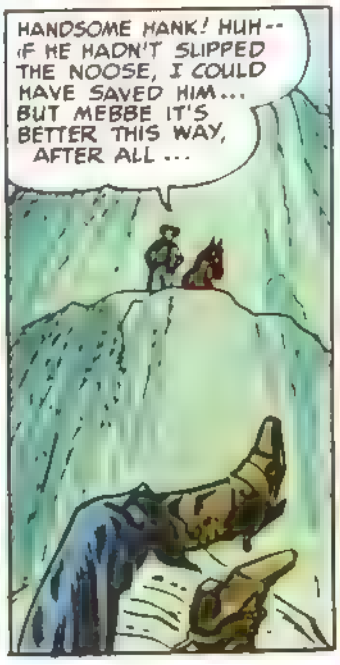



LUCKY DIDN'T PULL ANY WOOL OVER MY EYES! RANGE GOSSIP TRAVELS FAST. HE DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE DEATHBEDS OF FOUR OF THE FIVE BOYS WHO HELPED ME PULL THAT RUSTLIN' JUST FOR THE EXERCISE. HE'S AFTER ME!
CLICK!

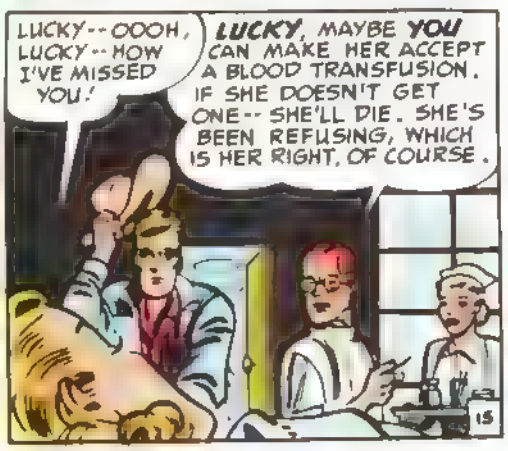

HE WAS DUE IN THIS MORNIN'! HE'LL HAVE HEARD ABOUT SAL'S ACCIDENT AN' WILL COME FOGGIN' OVER THIS SHORT CUT TO TOWN-- THERE HE IS NOW!


THE SUDDEN GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON RIFLE BARREL WARNS LUCKY HE THROWS HIMSELF SIDEWISE IN THE SADDLE AND SHAKES OUT HIS LARIAT!
WAHOOO! THAT WAS CLOSE!
CRACK!

THE RODEO TRAINED ROPE-HAND OF LUCKY JORDAN IS A THING OF LIGHTNING! HIS LARIAT SAILS UP AND LOOPS-- AND HANDSOME HANK SCREAMS---
HE CAN'T LASSO ME-- WHUP-- I'M LOSING MY BALANCE!



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER AT SAL'S BEDSIDE...


LUCKY-- OOOH, LUCKY-- HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!
LUCKY, MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE HER ACCEPT A BLOOD TRANSFUSION. IF SHE DOESN'T GET ONE-- SHE'LL DIE. SHE'S BEEN REFUSING, WHICH IS HER RIGHT, OF COURSE.

SAL, LUCKY'S BLOOD IS COMPLETELY HEALTHY, NOW HE'S CURED. YOU COULD USE HIS BLOOD IN THE TRANSFUSION -- HE HAS YOUR BLOOD TYPE. WON'T YOU SAY YES?
YES, DOCTOR -- IF YOU SAY IT'S ALL RIGHT!
BEFORE WE HAVE THIS TRANSFUSION, SAL -- HERE'S PROOF THAT HANK WAS RUSTLING YOUR STOCK. I MAILED YOU A SQUARE OF HIDE. THIS IS A COPY OF THE TRAIL HERD LICENSE FOR THE EIGHT BALL BRAND IN HANK'S NAME. YOU SEE -- I'VE BEEN WORKING AS A DETECTIVE FOR THE CATTLE ASSOCIATION!
SAL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PLANS ARE, BUT I DO WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT LUCKY IS CURED OF SYPHILIS SO THAT IT'S JUST AS IF HE NEVER HAD IT. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS -- IF YOU STILL LOVE HIM -- YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO -- AHEM -- MARRY HIM!!
AND SO AFTER THE BLOOD TRANS-FUSION AND AFTER SAL HAS BEEN RESTED...
...PRONOUNCE YOU, MAN AND WIFE.
TODAY, SOMEWHERE ON THE BIG RANCH WEST OF SUNSET PASS, YOU CAN SEE LUCKY JORDAN AND HIS TWO HUSKY, HEALTHY SONS ROPING CALVES...
COME ON, PETE! COME ON, JIM!
...IN THE RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN, SADDLE SAL AND LITTLE SALLY DO WOMEN'S WORK.
THE DOCTOR SAID I WAS THE HEALTHIEST LITTLE LADY HE'S EVER SEEN. AM I, MAMMA?
YES, DEAR AND BOTH YOUR BROTHERS ARE HEALTHY, AND SO IS YOUR DEAR DADDY... THANKS TO THE DOCTOR AND YOUR DADDY'S GOOD SENSE!
16

Art by Harvey Kurtzman, 1949.

Color separations by Lauren Kent and Ned Sonntag, 1977.

version is a great design of light, shadow and space, but doesn't convey a clear idea of what's just taken place. The mound flanked by two trees could as easily be a rock or haystack as a pile of freshly-shoveled dirt. Krigstein's art in this case intellectualizes scenes which don't need it, and are better off without it. The flip side would be Feldstein illustrating "The Flying Machine," if you can picture that, for an equally out of sync pairing.

"An Examination of 'Master Race'" is an extraordinary piece of analysis, the first essay I've read going to such exhaustive lengths to dissect a comic book story panel by panel. And Bhob Stewart's 1954 article on Krigstein proves that reprints from early comics fanzines don't necessarily become dated.

–Bill Spicer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Something that was not apparent to me until preparing the last issue was just how different Krigstein was from others who worked in comics. It has often been said that Krigstein "brought the approach of fine art to comics," but that approach isn't just a cosmetic difference, it's all important. First of all, it means he placed a greater value on subtlety; the immediately visible is not necessarily the whole of a work. Also, it means that he perceived his work in the context of a broader continuum, he didn't see his work as only being part of comics or commercial art. The ivory tower viewpoint you mention is probably another aspect of Krigstein's fine art approach. Sometimes this attitude seemed a little naive, such as his fight with Gaines about the ending of his Picto-Fiction story; but at other times it was vital. His refusal to accept comics as anything less than a full fledged art form was, I think, unique to comics.

The fine arts approach also tended to make Krigstein confine his dramatic and storytelling values to those that could be accomplished within an individual picture. He thought of revealing character by a picture more in terms of a painting than a movie. Not found, generally, in Krigstein's work is the storytelling juxtaposition between panels, the situation where two panels together tell you something in a narrative way that they don't separately. These moments are often the finer ones in comics, and certainly Eisner did them very well. An example is the sequence I discussed in the Gil Kane interview in Alter Ego *# 10. The Spirit and Sand Saref are on a desert island and as she lovingly swabs his brow he murmurs in the delirium of fever, "Ellen, Ellen. In the next panel Sand is standing off alone on the beach, facing away from the reader. Here, it is the combination of the panels that reveal Sand's feelings.*

Krigstein's concept of the interrelationships between panels was quite different and much more subtle. He used, not the events, but a whole range of art techniques—composition, form, light, etc. A good example is panels eight and nine at the bottom of page two in "Master Race." There (as described last issue) Krigstein uses about four different art concepts to shock the reader's eye and cause an interrelationship between the panels of a completely different sort.

One of the points I meant to put forth in 'An Examination of 'Master Race'" was that the entire story was outstanding. I deemphasized the last page of the story by not using it as a heading for the article (as you did in another context in Fantasy Illustrated *# 7 and as Erich Heinemann did for the cover of his interview). I believe that pages one and seven are both more groundbreaking and exciting than that famous last page. Those two panels at the bottom of page two, and the tryptych at the top of page four are, to me, much more revolutionary in terms of use of the comics form than the final page breakdown. These are concepts and ways of looking at a comic that have an infinite number of applications, as opposed to the limited uses of the extreme breakdown of movement.*

As to the Feldstein/Krigstein comparison, your comments are well taken (in spite of the fact that, as described in the story, the monster isn't supposed to have any depth). Unfortunately, in the panels reproduced last issue all of Krigstein's halftones printed as solid black, making any comparison impossible for someone who didn't have the original comic at hand.

Obviously, I'm not an admirer of the Krigstein technique. But I must say that I do appreciate the insight and articulation he brought to the subject. This, by god, is the way to discuss comics. Each question has, or implies, a specific point and Krigstein seemed to instantly divine not only what you were after, but precisely how the answer should be framed. I've been reminded of it when reading the later dialogues with Severin and Wolverton. They didn't seem to be convinced that the interest of fandom was for real, that there were people who seriously considered their work on the same plane as an exceptional novel or film. And that it's possible for a comic book artist to discuss his own work, and the field in general, without having to qualify everything in self-deprecating jocularity. It seemed that these people had worked primarily in isolation all their professional careers and were uncertain as to how to address themselves to this mass of unknown admirers.

OK. Why do I not 'like' Bernie Krigstein? I suppose the most basic reason is that I'm an unreconstructed traditionalist when it comes to comics. Originally EC had a kind of classic look about it. Krigstein would say cliche. So be it. Feldstein was working in what appears to be the Fox house style. Craig and Kurtzman seemed to have evolved their styles from the Caniff approach—with a dash of Eisner.

The comic book, when EC came to it in 1949 with their New Trend, was a form with certain historical roots. You could probably isolate a thousand different approaches and techniques of format and design and breakdown that, of themselves, were 'perfect.' That is, they conveyed an idea less awkwardly than any number of alternate methods.

My impression was that EC was trying for a perfect kind of comic book. I value the earlier ECs—say, everything prior to the introduction of *Shock SuspenStories*—because they seem more sincerely spontaneous, more genuinely comic books in the true context of what you expect of the form. Later, under the influence of Bradbury, and perhaps expediency, the ECs evolved to what I consider nothing more than illustrated text. They got into Picto-Fiction long before the term was coined. And this, in my opinion, is a real bastard form. It just doesn't work.

At the same time, there was a reaction away from what the founding titles were evolving into. This expression culminated in *Mad*. Having explored the conventional comic format for two years, having made their statements for that period of time, the original enthusiasm was depleted. There was nothing left to do but begin parodying the form. With Feldstein, it was the nihilism of the increasingly overdone horror stories, going to ever more absurd lengths for the sake of the twist at the end. With Kurtzman, it was the brainstorm of the century.

There was something else significant about *Mad*. It rejected the illustrated fiction trend . . . and went right back to the dynamics of immediacy that is most faithful to the form. EC achieved what it had unconsciously set out to do in the first place, their experimenting with different forms had finally given rise to what I consider the perfect comic book. Evidently a *lot* of people thought so. It was not only wildly hilarious—which didn't hurt a bit—it was absolutely true to its form. No false 'art' concepts, no trying to rise above the medium. There was no need to. It was the perfect vehicle for what it was.

Comics, most basically, are just one of many devices for 'telling a story.' To put that in perspective you have to put story-telling itself in its most fundamental context, say, telling ghost stories around the camp fire. If the narrator introduces too many eccentric flourishes he is in danger of calling more attention to himself, and distracting the listeners' attention from the yarn he's telling. The ideal story-teller spins out his tale so well that his listeners quite forget his presence, held in thrall by the events he is telling.

My objection to Krigstein is exactly the same as my objection to Williamson. Their styles are so resolutely contrary to the comic context that they actually intrude themselves on the narrative. My unfailing impression is that they are trying to do something else . . . something other than comic book illustration. I think Krigstein's concept of his own artistic integrity—and his compulsion to somehow be different—has quite often led him astray.

A classic example is Krigstein's attempt to illustrate "Bringing Back Father" in *Mad* # 17. Instead of being humorous and playful, he elected to portray Jiggs being progressively battered and maimed to a degree of seriousness that was beyond all intent of parody. Kurtzman had every right to object to this approach. It violated the integrity of the premise of the magazine. This is a familiar scenario—and Krigstein tells it in such a way as to suggest that it's your standard encounter between the cloddish, insensitive editor and the much maligned artist. What doesn't play here is that the editor happened to be Harvey Kurtzman, rather than the oafish brother-in-law of the publisher's aunt, as is usually the case. All of us cringe at the thought of Barks' carefully conceived and paced finishes being ruthlessly 're-edited' or the really absurd spectacle of Julius Schwartz trying to tell Beck how *Captain Marvel* should be done.

In reality, this situation is the reverse of the stereotype encounter. *Mad*, I think you'll agree, was something more than your standard package job. It was Kurtzman's personal artistic statement. He was the editor in what is unquestionably the most creative sense of the term. Time permitting, I'm sure that Kurtzman would have preferred to draw the whole book himself. What we have is one artist relying on a second artist to help him realize his vision. What fascinates me is that, for all his acuity, all this is lost on Krigstein. It's just another job to him. The 'art director' can make suggestions and he'll make a note of that and put it in his files.

In this story, I think it is safe to say that the Bill Elder pages, which alternated with the Krigstein pages, represented what Kurtzman was after; a satire of the strip done in a style as near as possible to the original—thereby increasing the effect of the humor with the shock of something familiar in an unusual context. The final and truest test is simply whether or not the stuff is funny. The Elder/Kurtzman pages are funny—the Krigstein pages are not.

I may be guilty of imposing my own views on the EC progression. I guess we just came into it at different times. When you were 13, Krigstein was the first thing you saw. To you, *that* was EC. No other company was publishing stuff like this. No other company would even let Krigstein in the door—not working in that style. I can see how it would make a hell of an impression on you.

In my case, I was 12 in 1950, so I was in on it more or less from the beginning. I could tell what they were doing was derivative there wasn't any real fantastic breakthrough but they were doing it so much *better* than everyone else. Feldstein was doing atmospheric things with that incredibly hackneyed commercial shop style that Fox never thought of. His concept of atmosphere made up for all the academic faults. Craig had the same grasp of atmosphere, plus masterful drafting. And the pacing, the staging of the characters, the continuity. Everything was all of a piece. And I'm not even mentioning Kurtzman . . . So when they started with the Bradbury adaptations, relying more heavily on Williamson, Crandall, Wood and Krigstein, I thought they were getting away from the original concept.

But the amusing thing about these endless harangues is that we are arguing about purely subjective, emotional reactions we had as kids. What it comes down to, either you like the stuff or you don't.

–Landon Chesney
Chattanooga, Tenn.

In fairness to Krigstein, it should be stated that it was obviously Kurtzman's intent in "Bringing Back Father" to juxtapose Elder's parody of the cartoon style of the original with Krigstein's realistic approach. The result may well not have been what Kurtzman had in mind, and I'd agree that the story wasn't a total success. But I wonder if part of the failure wasn't due to the basic concept, would the story have been better with another of EC's

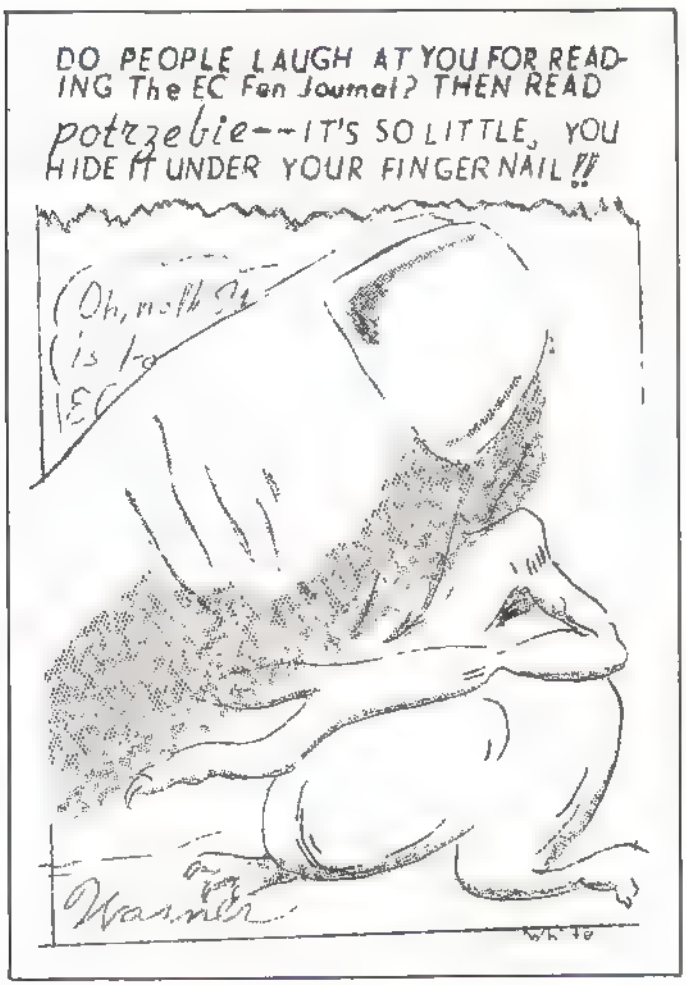
(continued on pg. 46)

THE EC FANZINES
PART TWO: POTRZEBIE BOUNCES

At the end of our last episode ("The Gelatin Years," *Squa Tront* #5), Bhob Stewart had just given up publication of *The EC Fan Bulletin*, disillusioned by the hectograph reproduction process but still determined to be active in fan publishing. For *Potrzebie*, his next fan venture, he enlisted the aid of two correspondents, Ted White and Larry Stark.

Bhob had come into contact with Ted White when he ordered Ted's pamphlet on *Superman* (described in *Squa Tront* #5), which had been plugged in a science fiction fanzine *Brevizine*. In August 1953, at the same time Bhob was publishing his *Bulletin*, Ted was producing *Zip*, the first of his many science fiction fanzines. *Zip* had a four by six inch format, like the *Superman* pamphlet (and *Brevizine*), and was printed on Ted's postcard mimeograph.

In the first issue of *Zip*, Ted wrote a column titled "Among the Stf Comics -EC," which reviewed the latest issues of *Weird Science* and *Weird Fantasy* and concluded with a plug for The EC Fan Addict Club. In the letter column of the second issue Ted was taken to task for reviewing comics in a science fiction fanzine, and particularly for plugging "comic clubs with emblems and badges, etc." A chastized Ted responded that the only comics he read any more were EC's, and that he was dropping his stf comics column. However, in the same issue he ran "*Mad*: A Review" by Bhob Stewart, which briefly analyzed the seven issues of *Mad* that had appeared at that time.



A collaboration by EC fans Bill Spicer and Fred von Bernewitz, "The First" was produced during the winter of 1955-56, several months after the demise of Potrzebie. *It was never used for a fanzine; this is its first publication*

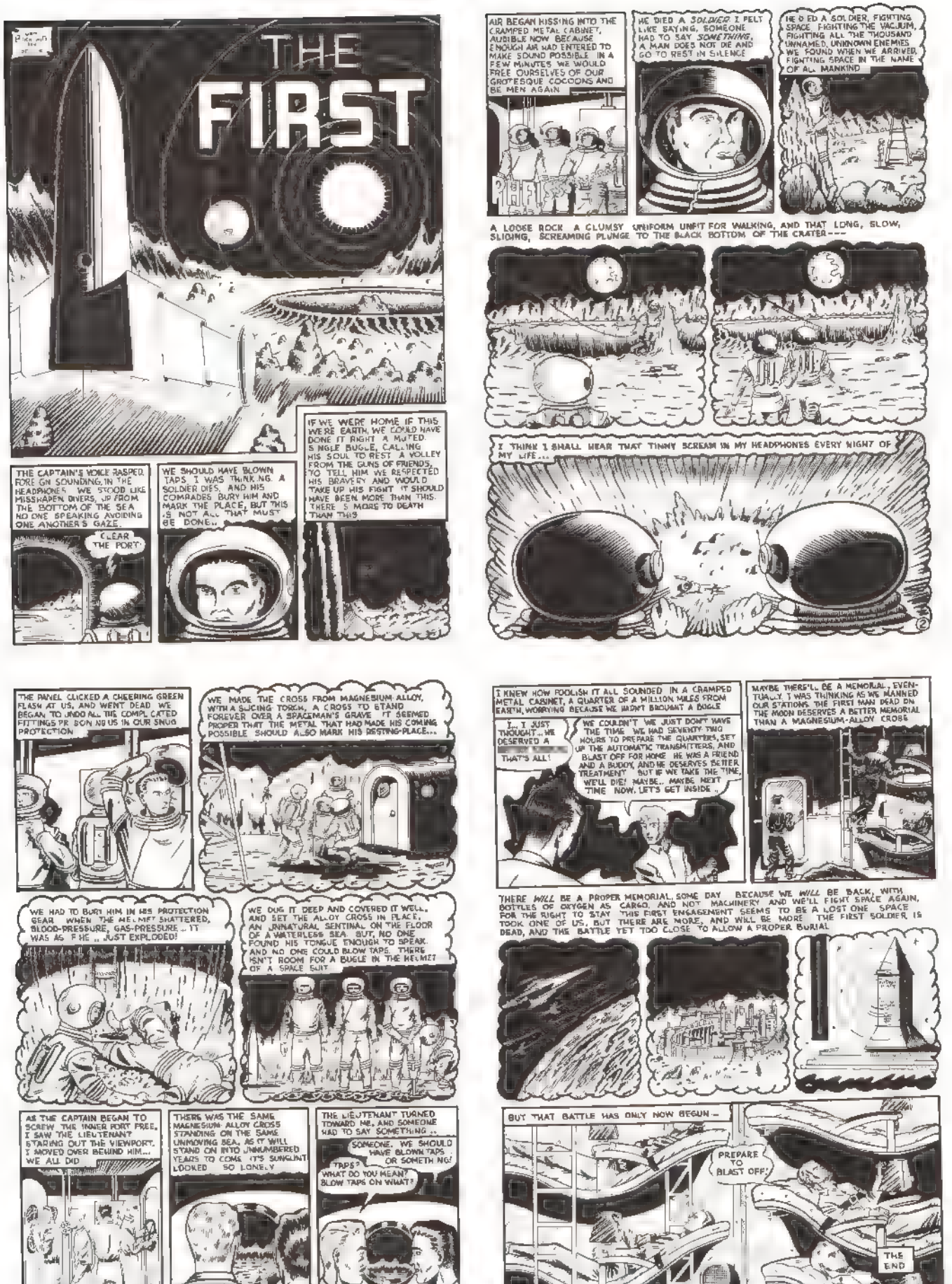
With the third issue Bhob became co-editor of *Zip*, contributing unused material intended for his fanzine *Fanciful*, which, like the *Fan Bulletin*, was killed because of problems with the hectograph process.

Simultaneously, Bhob was corresponding with Larry Stark. Bhob had previously been aware of Larry through the EC letter pages, and so when Larry sent for a copy of *The EC Fan Bulletin*, a voluminous correspondence quickly developed. Larry's capacity to write letters during this period is legendary, It's fairly well known that his letters to EC, giving detailed criticisms of each story they published, earned him a free lifetime subscription to all EC titles (one that continued, through numerous address changes, in the form of a subscription to *Mad*, until a few years ago). It was not unusual for Bhob, and Larry's other correspondents, to get letters of twelve pages and even longer. These letters were often like little essays, and were not limited to EC, but covered subjects as diverse as 3-D movies, poetry, *The Spirit* and censorship.

An important element which must be mentioned in connection with the creation of *Potrzebie* was the publication of Fredric Wertham's book *Seduction of the Innocent* at that time, which contained the statement, "Every medium of artistic and literary expression has developed professional critics ... the fact that comic books have grown to some ninety millions a month without developing such critics is one more indication that this industry functions in a cultural vacuum." Bhob recalls that when he read that passage, he was strongly motivated to prove Wertham wrong; it was a major factor in his decision to edit another comics oriented fanzine. As Bhob said in his editorial in the first issue, "*Potrzebie*'s main purpose in life is to present the criticism of Stark." Where *The EC Fan Bulletin* was patterned after sf fanzines, *Potrzebie* was to an extent inspired by the "little magazines," small press journals of poetry and criticism, which both Bhob and Larry were familiar with.

Bhob wrote to Larry and suggested that some of his letters to EC could be edited into articles, feeling that readers deserved more than the brief, often one sentence excerpts that appeared in the EC letter columns. Larry quickly responded with specially written material. Bhob also wrote Ted, asking if he was interested in printing *Potrzebie*; he was. Bhob now had the substantial content he wanted and the means to disseminate it in a readable and attractive format. Thus began a pattern that was to continue for many years, with Ted's QWERTYUIOPress providing superior mimeography for many fanzines edited by others.

The first issue of *Pot* (as it was nicknamed in the pre-drug


THE FIRST
THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE RASPED FORE ON SOUNDING, IN THE HEADPHONES. WE STOOD LIKE MISSHAPEN DIVERS, UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA NO ONE SPEAKING AVOIDING ONE ANOTHER'S GAZE.
CLEAR THE PORT
WE SHOULD HAVE BLOWN TAPS. I WAS THINK NG. A SOLDIER DIES, AND HIS COMRADES BURY HIM AND MARK THE PLACE, BUT THIS S NOT ALL THAT MUST BE DONE..
IF WE WERE HOME IF THIS WERE EARTH, WE COULD HAVE DONE IT RIGHT A MUFFED S NGLE BUGLE, CALLING HIS SOUL TO REST. A VOLLEY FROM THE GUNS OF FRIENDS, TO TELL HIM WE RESPECTED HIS BRAVERY AND WOULD TAKE UP HIS FIGHT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE THAN THIS. THERE S MORE TO DEATH THAN THIS
AIR BEGAN HISSING INTO THE CRAMPED METAL CABINET, AUDIBLE NOW BECAUSE ENOUGH AIR HAD ENTERED TO MAKE SOUND POSSIBLE. IN A FEW MINUTES WE WOULD FREE OURSELVES OF OUR GROTESQUE COCOONS AND BE MEN AGAIN
HE DIED A SOLDIER! I FELT LIKE SAYING, SOMEONE HAD TO SAY SOMETHING, A MAN DOES NOT DIE AND GO TO REST IN SILENCE
HE D ED A SOLDIER, FIGHTING SPACE. FIGHTING THE VACUUM, FIGHTING ALL THE THOUSAND UNNAMED, UNKNOWN ENEMIES WE FOUND WHEN WE ARRIVED. FIGHTING SPACE IN THE NAME OF ALL MANKIND
A LOOSE ROCK. A CLUMSY UNIFORM UNFIT FOR WALKING, AND THAT LONG, SLOW, SLIDING, SCREAMING PLUNGE TO THE BLACK BOTTOM OF THE CRATER---
I THINK I SHALL HEAR THAT TINNY SCREAM IN MY HEADPHONES EVERY NIGHT OF MY LIFE...
THE PANEL CLICKED A CHEERING GREEN FLASH AT US, AND WE WERE DEAD. WE BEGAN TO UNDO ALL THE COMPL CATED FITTINGS PR DON NG US IN OUR SNUG PROTECTION
WE MADE THE CROSS FROM MAGNESIUM ALLOY, WITH A SLICING TORCH. A CROSS TO STAND FOREVER OVER A SPACEMAN'S GRAVE. IT SEEMED PROPER THAT THE METAL THAT HAD MADE HIS COMING POSSIBLE SHOULD ALSO MARK HIS RESTING-PLACE...
WE HAD TO BURY HIM IN HIS PROTECTION GEAR. WHEN THE HELMET SHATTERED, BLOOD-PRESSURE, GAS-PRESSURE.. IT WAS AS F HE .. JUST EXPLODED!
WE DUG IT DEEP AND COVERED IT WELL.. AND SET THE ALLOY CROSS IN PLACE, AN UNNATURAL SENTINAL ON THE FLOOR OF A WATERLESS SEA. BUT, NO ONE FOUND HIS TONGUE ENOUGH TO SPEAK. AND NO ONE COULD BLOW TAPS. THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR A BUGLE IN THE HELMET OF A SPACE SUIT
AS THE CAPTAIN BEGAN TO SCREW THE INNER PORT FREE, I SAW THE LIEUTENANT STARING OUT THE VIEWPORT. I MOVED OVER BEHIND HIM... WE ALL DID
THERE WAS THE SAME MAGNESIUM ALLOY CROSS STANDING ON THE SAME UNMOVING SEA, AS IT WILL STAND ON INTO UNNUMBERED YEARS TO COME. IT'S SUNGLINT LOOKED SO LONELY
THE LIEUTENANT TURNED TOWARD ME, AND SOMEONE HAD TO SAY SOMETHING ..
SOMEONE. WE SHOULD HAVE BLOWN TAPS OR SOMETH NG!
TAPS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? BLOW TAPS ON WHAT?
I KNEW HOW FOOLISH IT ALL SOUNDED IN A CRAMPED METAL CABINET, A QUARTER OF A MILLION MILES FROM EARTH, WORRYING BECAUSE WE HADN'T BROUGHT A BUGLE
I... I JUST THOUGHT... WE DESERVED A [illegible] THAT'S ALL!
WE COULDN'T. WE JUST DON'T HAVE THE TIME. WE HAD SEVENTY-TWO HOURS TO PREPARE THE QUARTERS, SET UP THE AUTOMATIC TRANSMITTERS, AND BLAST OFF FOR HOME. HE WAS A FRIEND AND A BUDDY, AND HE DESERVES BETTER TREATMENT. BUT IF WE TAKE THE TIME, WE'LL DIE! MAYBE.. MAYBE NEXT TIME. NOW, LET'S GET INSIDE..
MAYBE THERE'LL BE A MEMORIAL, EVENTUALLY. I WAS THINKING AS WE MANNED OUR STATIONS. THE FIRST MAN DEAD ON THE MOON DESERVES A BETTER MEMORIAL THAN A MAGNESIUM-ALLOY CROSS
THERE WILL BE A PROPER MEMORIAL, SOME DAY. BECAUSE WE WILL BE BACK, WITH BOTTLES OF OXYGEN AS CARGO, AND NOT MACHINERY. AND WE'LL FIGHT SPACE AGAIN, FOR THE RIGHT TO STAY. THIS FIRST ENGAGEMENT SEEMS TO BE A LOST ONE. SPACE TOOK ONE OF US, BUT THERE ARE MORE, AND WILL BE MORE. THE FIRST SOLDIER IS DEAD, AND THE BATTLE YET TOO CLOSE TO ALLOW A PROPER BURIAL
BUT THAT BATTLE HAS ONLY NOW BEGUN--
PREPARE TO BLAST OFF!
THE END

fifties) appeared about June 1954. Stewart and Stark were listed (by Ted) as co-editors. White was publisher, which meant that he typed the stencils (and therefore did the layout), cut the paper into 4 x 6 inch sheets, ran it through his postcard mimeo, collated, stapled and mailed the copies out. The cover was by Bob Warner.

Two long pieces by Stark fill most of the book. One is a piece of fan fiction (a term which means fiction *about* fans, not fiction by fans) written in the form of a radio script, complete with well placed instructions to the sound engineer. The first scene takes place at the EC offices, with Larry himself dropping in, ostensibly to deliver his monthly letter of criticism in person, but actually to wangle a date with Nancy Siegel. The dialogue is as naturalistic as possible, a quite successful attempt to recreate the lighthearted atmosphere of the EC offices, with humorous byplay between Bill and Al, John and Marie Severin, etc. The second scene is a romantic one that takes place "just off Washington Square" as Larry and Nancy are returning from their date. On the last page one finds that the naturalistic style of the piece has been used to

divert attention from an impending highly incredible EC-type ending in which Larry turns into a werewolf at midnight and attacks Nancy ("Sound; vicious snarling roar from Larry, blended and mixed with a stock record of a large Bronx Zoo-type lion defending his left hind zebra leg from all comers.")

Larry's other piece was the first instalment of his column "One Man's Opinion," which appeared in several fanzines over the next few years. These were essentially the same as the letters he sent EC; extremely detailed criticisms of each EC story currently on the newsstands. In making his detailed comments, Larry correctly assumed that *Pot* readers had also just bought the issues and had them at hand while reading his column. Without the comics for reference, his columns are often difficult to follow. In this particular column (reprinted here) Larry uncharacteristically devotes several pages to more general discussion of *The 'New' Two-Fisted Tales* before going into his regular story by story analysis.

Pot's first issue was reviewed briefly but favorably in Dean A. Grennell's sf fanzine *Grue*. *Grue* itself was one of the most attractive mimeoed fanzines of the fifties, so this mention was gratifying to the *Pot* crew.

When *Potrzebie* #1 came out, Ted White was publishing four fanzines and thought it was about time to get a regular mimeograph. Plans were made by the three to put out the second issue of *Pot* in a full size format.

However, at this point *Pot* was plugged in the fourth issue of EC's *Fan-Addict Club Bulletin* along with three other fanzines. This resulted in Ted being inundated with three to 500 letters, all of them inquiries and not orders, since EC had not printed a price. Ted was appalled at the juvenile quality of most of these letters; some were even in crayon. Many made statements to the effect of "send me a copy and if I like it I will send you money."

Ted mimeographed and mailed out 200 postcards (which at that time were only a penny each) giving information about *Potrzebie* and its price. In spite of the fact that *Pot* cost only 5¢ per copy, with a subscription price of six for a quarter, only about half a dozen of those 200 people actually sent in money. Both the juvenile quality of the letters and the small number of subscribers was very discouraging, and Ted stopped working on *Pot* and just piled up the letters in a shoebox as they came in. At the same time, Bhob was also slackening interest in EC fandom.

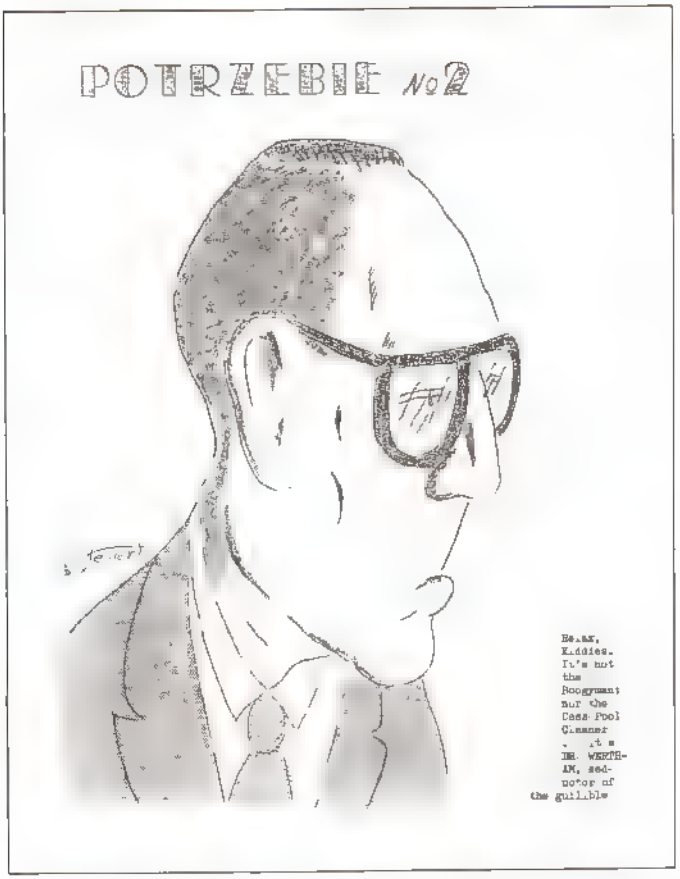
Before that point, though, quite a bit of work had been done. Bhob had drawn a complete comic strip called "The Gaines Mutiny Courtroom Scene" in the 4 x 6 format, and Ted and adapted and stenciled it in the new larger size. In that size it ran four pages. (Later Ted ran off a few copies of these stencils, which were never distributed.) The strip was a parody of the Senate investigations of comic books, with Gaines and Wertham as chief witnesses. There were some cross references to the then recent McCarthy-Army hearings, including at least two gags similar to ones Kurtzman later used in "What's My Shine" in *Mad*. Two years later Ted restenciled the strip for *Hoohah*'s 6½ x 9½ inch format, but before it could appear there, *Hoohah* also changed size, to 9 x 12. However, *Hoohah* editor Ron Parker merely inserted the smaller pages into the middle of issue #7, October 1956. So the strip did eventually appear, but by that time many of the humorous references were dated.

There was also another comic strip done for *Pot* #2, by Bhob, Larry, Ted and Fred von Bernewitz. Although this apparently never got to the stencil stage, it was definitely completed, because Ted and Fred describe showing it to Bill Gaines in their article "We're Off to EC" in *Hoohah* #5, June-July 1956. Ted had also gotten permission from Gaines to reprint the "EC Artist of the Issue" pages from EC comics in *Pot* and planned to make electronic stencils of all twelve of them.

Finally, Larry wrote an eight page column reviewing the last of the EC crime and horror books, and Bhob did a caricature portrait of Wertham for the cover. These were also stenciled by Ted, but never run off. Never, that is, until he was pressed to meet a minimum activity requirement in a small apa, The Cult, several years later. This odd and limited circulation of these two items was the closest thing there was to a *Potrzebie* #2. In fact, until your chronicler dug them up

from the darkest recesses of the Larry Ivie library, even the *Pot* staff insisted that there had never been an issue #2.

Larry Stark's "One Man's Opinion" for the aborted issue was the last one that he wrote. In it, he reviewed the final issues of the New Trend titles. He knew this was the case, and the column reflects the sense of not-with-a-bang finality that EC fans felt at the time. Larry found many of these last stories to be weak—some even dreadful. This can be attributed both to his growing maturity and to EC's drop in story quality



during their last year, when outside writers, house plots and morbid grue were ever increasing. Larry's eight pages of single spaced type show no lessening of his desire to write criticism, however. Twenty years later, although his style and perhaps even his basic approach to criticism has changed, Larry held down the position of weekly theatre critic for alternate media newspapers in Boston, where he has also been a publisher of a line of poetry books and a local tabloid of theatre news and criticism.

Although their EC interest was fading, Ted and Larry continued to be active in sf fandom. In 1956, Ted changed the format of the eighth issue of *Zip*, retitling it *Stellar*, and got Larry to become editor. *Stellar* concentrated almost solely on fan fiction. A continuing feature was "The Death of Science Fiction," a serial with each chapter by a different author. Set in the near future, it imagined a Sedition Control Authority set up by Sen. Joseph McCarthy which began to place fans under surveillance. Then "we found that the P.O. was not delivering fanzines, then not even letters; we were cut off from the rest of fandom"—the ultimate fannish fear! What followed, with prominent fans being gunned down in the streets right and left, was almost an anti-climax.

While *Pot* #2 was stagnating, Ted had exchanged a few letters with a fan named Larry Clowers in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Ted mentioned his waning interest in *Pot* and Clowers expressed a desire to take it over. Ted agreed, and sent on the shoe box full of inquiries. In giving away the *Potrzebie* title, Ted did not consult his co-editors. Bhob never liked the idea, although his reaction could have been influenced by the fact that he lent his personal file copies of his own EC fanzines to Clowers and never got them back.

Since Ted had much of #2 stenciled and thought he might run it off someday, he told Clowers to start with issue #3. Ron Parker, in his article "The Shimmering ECtoplasm" (*Fanfare* #1, 1959, reprinted in *Fmz* #1, 1970), states definitely that "Clowers published #3, 4, 5, and 6, of which 6 showed definite promise of success." Ted White recalls that it ran several issues beyond that. Only numbers 3, 4 and 5 could be found for this essay.

Clowers had worked on a high school newspaper before he took over *Pot*, and it shows. Instead of looking like a science fiction fanzine, it had a newspaper format with a masthead, headlines like "Ballantine Publishes *Mad Reader*," and text in justified two column width (with the single exception of Bhob Stewart's piece in #4). And Clowers, when he justified, didn't cheat by hyphenating in the middle of a syllable, the way some new faneds of the time did. The writing was humorously fannish, but the newspaper format set Clowers' *Pot* apart from most of the other EC fanzines. Though the Clowers issues didn't measure up to what *Pot* #2 would have been, Parker's comment above seems unnecessarily harsh. Certainly Clowers' *Pot* was no worse than the early issues of Parker's own fanzine *Hoohah*.

Potrzebie #3 ran ten standard size mimeograph pages, and was dated February 1955 (the first fanzine so far discussed to *have* a date—Clowers' school paper background was good for something). The lead article, "The Approval Seal and the Story Behind It," is the only substantial piece in the issue. The author is not credited, but underneath the title is the note, "The material contained herein is taken from three issues of *The Profit*." *The Profit*, not further identified in *Pot*, was actually a two page, single sheet promotional newsletter sent out to wholesalers by EC, which ran, Bill Gaines recalls, for five or six issues. It was written by Lyle Stuart, then EC's business manager. The article tells very frankly, and apparently accurately, the story of how Bill Gaines brought the various comic publishers together to fight the media attack on comics, then had disagreements with the group and dropped out, and was eventually forced to humbly ask for membership in the code.

The rest of the issue consists of "news" about the first *Mad* paperback (the news being obtained by Clowers going to a store and buying a copy of the book), editor's ramblings, brief reviews of some of the first New Direction titles, some unfortunate attempts at fiction and humor, and a few news notes. Practically every article is continued on a nonconsecutive page (the newspaper influence again).

Issue #4 is superior in every way, despite Clowers' editorial comment that "this will probably go on record as the worst issue of a fanzine that ever appeared." He describes stenciling the book in a nine hour all night session, but with the exception of poor margin justification on the editorial comments it's a very neat job. Because of reader complaints about the previous issue, all articles are continued on the next page.

The cover sports a cartoon by Ted Lavash spoofing the Wertham doctrine that readers of horror comics inevitably become delinquents. This type of cartoon was very popular in the fanzines of the period. A good example, by Fred von Bernewitz, appears later in the same issue: a crazed youth with an axe in one hand and a knife in the other says, "Of course I didn't get this way from reading all those EC's! I read a copy

(continued on pg. 42)

ONE MAN'S OPINION

BY LARRY STARK

Reprinted from Potrzebie *# 1, ca. June 1954. The opinions expressed are not necessarily currently held by the author or* Squa Tront.

I've just finished getting through two more 'zines that the day's mail has added to my pile, so here come more opinions, fresh and probably due to change for the better the longer the 'zines are around here. That's one thing in EC's favor; their products improve with age.

My first impulse is to use *The 'New' Two-Fisted Tales* # 38 [July 1954] as a springboard for half a-dozen pages of attacking Colin Dawkins,* its new editor. I think I could make a fairly good case for saying that the first three issues of this 'zine have built a reputation for being the most worthless EC title since *Modern Love* went out of existence.

But I think it only fair to look closely enough to find a good point or two, and to take it easy on Dawkins. So far as I can see, he has been trying to remedy an 'evil' that made Harvey's war books lose money; they were aimed too high in the IQ department. The readers didn't care whether or not the North *did* have a grey-clad regiment operational at First Bull Run or not, they hadn't heard of Fletcher Pratt, and they didn't know from philosophical concepts. When the No'th marches by, they don't wanna be mixed up by the uniforms. That would be too much like school; you'd have to *think* to read the story.

Well, Dawkins has certainly personified a reaction from intellectuality from the word Go. He presents stereotypes, formula, hackneyed B-picture plots and characters, and as little imagination as necessary. His casts of characters read like a list of Hollywood has-beens and old time pulp standards. Ed Coffey is a low budget Edward G. Robinson, somehow meshed in with 1939 spy stories *ala* E. Phillips Oppenheimer. Kefauver never even noticed this boy, and we're supposed to believe in this issue that Ike Likes Coffey!

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His westerns haven't even the sometimes laughable moments of Hoppy; the old ride-into-the-sunset-and-kiss-his-horse he-manism is about as real as a 3-D movie.

Finally, the 'continued' bit looks to me like rank reactionism. Coffey in # 38 starts as a clairvoyant superman, and ends on a note that seems to prove him here eternally, like Superman, despite Insurmountable Obstacles to be surmounted each issue. The cowhand and the Indian look about as perennial, too. As far as I know, this is the first time (excluding Melvin) that EC has ever continued anything. Kurtzman and Feldstein were content to tell their tales in six to eight pages and come to a resolution before the final panel. Dawkins, in addition to adding the invincibility of melodrama's heroes, has to drag the things out interminably.

Of course, Dawkins is only partially responsible for the contents of this issue. I'm pretty sure that Jerry Dee [de Fuccio] wrote "Bullets." Jerry has a fondness for Kipling, which I don't share, and a style closer to Harvey's than anyone else's. The story is at least a single unit (although all too close to the Patrick Tubridy series), but it's just a simple gimmick yarn with a highly forced set of circumstances providing the setting in which the snap ending plunks off rather dully.

Also, it's a good bet that Johnny Severin at least collaborated on the scripts of the Indian epics he's drawn. Johnny likes Indians very much and he knows more about them than any other artist or writer in the business. And yet he's never succeeded in giving us a *realistic* portrait of the Indian as a human being. Perhaps there is too little left of the Indian culture that we can recognize as noble or real. More likely, Johnny and his collaborators haven't enough story sense. Invariably they end up with stock, laborious melodrama and scripts that are dull even as you read them for the first time. Cheyenne Hawk, except for the headdress, is just American Eagle transplanted from *Prize Western*, and hasn't improved at all in the transplantation.

But, as I said, there *are* good points, and I don't want to forget them. For one thing, *The 'New' Two Fisted Tales* contains without a doubt the best collection of Severin art anywhere. Without Elder inking, J.P. sometimes shows faults, but since he's begun working alone those faults have been dropping, and this last issue is a piece of work to be proud of. Johnny has improved upon the elements of his own style just as every EC artist has in the past, and now that he isn't conforming to Kurtzman's will, the 'free' Severin looks a lot better than the old one did.

And perhaps, after all, I have no right to talk about this 'zine at all. *The 'New' Two-Fisted* isn't intended for the fans of Harvey's war mags. Those fans have nothing to read now. In its place the new book has been put on the stands to impress and amuse the extreme youth of the comic audience. Why else present Gene Autry, cowboys-and-Indians and Saturday-matinee-gangsters? Since the audience for *Frontline Combat* was proving itself too young or too ignorant to recognize its art, Dawkins was directed to put out a 'zine aimed at the intelligence associated with the Tiny Tots Publishing Co. billing. This is it, with all its old-movie flavor. If it makes money for EC, great. *Frontline*, for all its perfection, didn't, and that's to *our* disgrace, not Harvey's.

Well, now that the diatribe is over, let's see if I can't sound a little more pro-EC. I think *The Haunt of Fear* # 25 [May-June 1954] will serve to do it. Feldstein, freed of the responsibilities for eight yearly science fiction mags and six yearly *Vaults*, has kept steadily rising in quality. The horror, if this is typical, is still much below the SuspenStory level, but that might be expected. It's a bit narrower and a lot more exhausted a field.

I think the middle of the mag is the better part of this issue . . . *including the text!* I've been castigating or ignoring texts for a long time in letters to Bill, but I never really

---

*For reasons he can not now recall, Stark originally referred to Dawkins as 'Collin Campbell' throughout. For clarity this has been corrected here. Perhaps a clue to the puzzle lies in the fact that there is a character named Colin Campbell in the Dawkins/Severin "American Eagle" series.

As to who was actually editor of *The 'New' Two-Fisted Tales*, Dawkins, Severin or Kurtzman, none of the three can now clearly recall the details of the arrangement.

hoped for better quality. Is Dee back on them? Certainly this isn't the hack that did the last couple dozen. There isn't any of the hammering at the ending, nor quite so much contriving and forcing of the plot's convolutions. (Maybe Al did this one??) Anyway, as texts go, it's amazing—almost a good one!

"The New Arrival" begins well, looks OK for the first few pages, and then degenerates too easily. The thoughts of the house are too literal, "too logical," to use its own approbation. I had hoped, with the first caption on page 2 ["I am . . . *not* the haunted house of horror tradition, with . . . ghosts of long dead occupants . . . wailing and clanking chains"], that Al was going to go metaphysical on us and give us some *real* horror. What actually develops is a better than average playback of a standard suspense plot. The 3-D movie, *The Maze* used practically the same hackneyed formula, though a hell of a lot less imaginatively.

There *are* good touches that raise it out of mediocrity. The last four panels of page 6 are nicely written, and panel 5 on the next page seems logical and human.

But the house "shuddering" and deciding to cave in but partially, you understand—is over-produced. As it opens, I can almost hear the serenity of age and the tranquility of decay in the house's voice, but all too soon it gets as unreal and funny as the same gimmick would if used by Hollywood, and humor and horror don't work to the same ends.

I call "Indisposed" [reprinted in the Nostalgia Press *EC Horror Library*] the best of the issue, because of its unity of impact. From the first there is a restraint and a mood created and sustained. I would have liked it better had the tip-off, "the hideous deed he's just committed," at the beginning of page 2 been eliminated, and the suspense carried that much farther. Any reader guesses the situation reading the first page, but withholding the exact deed would tantalize and create more interest. It's very good as it is, but I like to quibble.

The ending is the usual gimmick-snap, but something's been done to it. The mention of Henry's house having a well looks honest and logical, and is the subtlest of set-ups. George's mention of his unfamiliarity in installing the disposal unit on page 5 is just a whisper too, instead of the usual screaming signpost. And lastly, the flashback is introduced at what seems to be a very logical occasion for musing. It isn't forced, either.

"Out Cold" I'd call a close second in the issue, because it isn't as implicitly realistic, and because it seems less smooth. No reason I can finger for it *being* less smooth, except perhaps less affluent captioning, but the impression remains.

The construction is excellent. Al builds an idyllic love-affair . . . with pertinent character flaws that build upon one another as the story moves along. The two mentions of Wilma's hatred for cats on page 2, then the first puzzlement on page 3, the compounding and complicating of both at the end of that page; all of them are exceptionally good pieces of work, especially in this overworked field of horror. They lead off into many possible house-plots; lycanthropy, witchcraft, etc. And, true to his imagination, Al uses none of them. Even up to panel 5 on page 5, Al could have a real witch-stepmother in mind

A final *excellent* touch is the top of page 6, in which Al, in a played down pair of captions, gives the perfect death-blow to the True Love gimmick that usually ruins this kind of yarn. And then the final horrorific-humorific ending, so typical of EC. It's a 'happy' ending . . . EC style!

The last story, "The Light in His Life," suffers from unbelievability and overemphasis. The convenient discovery of the candles when the whale oil is gone, then of the animal fat when the candles are gone, is evidence of contrivance and overly singlemindedness. And the discovery of the whale oil's disappearance and the candles' disappearance are far too similarly handled.

But, excepting those confusions, the characters appear extremely human. Their inflexibility makes them very shallow, but they're not the standard cardboard cutouts that have been our horror characters in the past

Finally, congratulations to Al for letting the Keeper make the explanations which might be necessary for the denser among us, instead of ladling them into his closing captions and ruining the low pressured impact of the last few panels. It's a pretty good piece of work

JAKE BARROW PAUSED. HE SHRUGGED AND SIGHED. HE WAS AT ALL STARING FIXEDLY AT THE HISSING, DANCING FLAME OF THE OIL LAMP. THEN HE WENT ON
SO THAT'S THE STORY, SON! THAT'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT AN AWFUL WINTER CAN DO TO A MAN AND HIS WIFE SNOWBOUND TOGETHER
BUT, JAKE! YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO MIRANDA!
JAKE LOOKED AT HIS GUEST AND SMILED
SEND YOUR WIFE BACK TO HOME, SON! GET IN A GOOD SUPPLY OF BOOKS!
NOTHING LIKE CURLIN' UP WITH A GOOD BOOK BY AN OIL LAMP ON DARK WINTER SNOWED IN NIGHTS
THE OIL LAMP? I THOUGHT YOU SAID MIRANDA DRANK UP ALL THE WHALE OIL AND THOSE YELLOW CANDLES. WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE?
BESIDE JAKE ON THE TABLE, THE OIL LAMP FLICKERED. JAKE GLANCED AT ITS FLAME AND BACK TO NED AND ONCE MORE THAT SECRET LITTLE SMILE TWISTED AT HIS MOUTH
CHOKE
HEH, HEH! OF COURSE, A LOT OF FRIENDS HAVE GUESSED JAKE BARROW'S CHARMING SECRET! YEP, HE'D NEVER GOT SO BOILED UP OVER HIS WIFE. SHE WAS BILED UP PERIOD! AND A FAT CHANCE SHE HAD TOO! SHE COULDN'T RUN AWAY! THE ONLY RUNNING SHE DID WAS FROM THE BIG IRON POT. AND JAKE'S WHALE OIL KEG! YOU MIGHT SAY MIRANDA WAS FINALLY THE LIGHT IN JAKE'S LIFE! WELL, WELL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY HAUNTABLES FROM THE CRYPT! BYE NOW!
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AND THE LAST THING RALPH WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED BEFORE HE DIED WAS THE ANGUISHED SCREAMS OF THE HUNGRY CATS AND THE WILD LAUGH OF THE OLD LADY HACKED AT HIM AND HIS VOICE LAUGHING LAUGHING
I HOPE HE'S AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS
YAAAAAAAAAAGH
THE END
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT STORY BUT REALLY YOU SEE THAT'S NOT WHAT HAD EVENTS THAT'S WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO US IF WE DON'T GET BACK YOU REMEMBER HE WAS IN THE OFFICE ALONE WITH WILMA AND SHE WAS STALLING, AND GIVING HIM THE EYE AND HE WAS A HORRIBLE FATE
WELL RALPH WAS LUCKY IN ONE VERY SICKLY WAY HE WAS SO ABSORBED IN WILMA'S FAIR IN BEAUTY HE DIDN'T SEE WHERE HE WAS GOING
I OFFER YOU HER HOME ASK HER FOR A DATE AND OOOPS
MISSED THE FIRE ESCAPE AND WENT OUT THE OPEN WINDOW PLUNGING TWENTY STORIES TO THE STREET BELOW
YAAAAAHHHHHHHH
WHY, THE STUPID BEAST
IT NEVER EASY DEATH
THE OTHER END
© 1977 by Wm. M Gaines

Lastly, I'd like to give a rave notice to George Evans for his interpretation of "Indisposed" (a good title, by the way, for a change). Compare the wife's face in panel 3, page 4 with panel 1, page 6 for a beautiful revelation of character. Henry's character, as developed by his clothes, habits and the backgrounds in the panels he's in, is well done, too. A great piece of work, I think, is panel 6, page 2. The faces in turn both illustrate the balloons and add an interpretation of their own to the general situation as they progress from left to right.

And while I'm making compliments, let's not forget Ghastly and Marie for the first three pages of "The New Arrival." That lightning scene done in blues and stark whites is really excellent. ■■

of *Beware* at a newsstand once!"

The three and one-half page lead article, by Bhob Stewart, is a detailed story by story appraisal, *a la* Stark, of the first issue of each of the New Direction titles. Stark's concern was often with the structure of a story; Bhob was more interested in the style. Both rambled in a way that makes summarization difficult. Bhob disliked *Extra* and was only enthusiastic about one book—*Impact*. His comments always included interesting suggestions and ideas; here, for example, he suggests that EC try an adaptation of Saki's "The Open Window." Regarding *Psychoanalysis*, he says, "One can see why Kamen has the entire art job. Feldstein probably figures that art has very little importance in this magazine since it just shows two people in a room, and most of the panels are half filled with text. But pages and pages of this requires the talents of one of EC's master artists to sustain the interest . . . Why not let other artists do the actual stories and let Krigstein do the dream sequences and flashbacks?"

Next in the issue are some strange biographies of Johnny Craig and Marie Severin. The Severin one is written by Martin Schneider, and along with some probably true statements it sports "facts" like these: "Mrs. Severin is married to Reed Severin (brother of John). Reed is a noted ballet expert, military historian, and at present a dress designer." Probably this was intentional humor, although it seems a little subtle for the times. Possibly Schneider was hoaxed by his information source, or perhaps he was hoaxing Clowers and his readers. The Craig bio was written by Clowers, and except for the line "Craig has previously worked as a gigolo . . ." and an error about his age, it is a straightforward effort, being mostly cribbed from EC's "Artist of the Issue" page.

A brief "Visit to EC" by Stan Grossman covers that obligatory subject. This article was originally intended for a proposed fanzine *The EC Pen Pal News* that Grossman was going to put out with Ron Wheeler, but which they abandoned when they discovered the cost of offset printing.

Next is a two page critique of *Aces High* by Larry Stark (in the form of a letter rather than a column, however). Larry's point is that the book "is supposed to recapture the Sense of Wonder that infused the flying corps of the First World War." But the stories are written in 'The EC Tradition' and "the whole problem is that 'The EC Tradition' is cynicism. That was the attitude that made the horror-zines too brutally honest for children; and gave EC its high degree of reality and honesty . . . but it's not the *stated purpose* of the zine!"

Finally, there are eight pages of letters, mostly taken up with a long letter from Larry Stark complaining about the high prices charged by one dealer for back issues of EC's, and a letter of response from that dealer. Larry's complaint about "scalpers" was basic, and, in retrospect, quite accurate. Until this dealer appeared on the scene, no one was in comics fandom to make money. Fanzines were sold at 5¢ and 10¢ a copy. There *were* fans who were "dealers"; they scoured back issue stores and resold what they found at a small profit to help other fans complete their collections. Some, like Fred von Bernewitz, frankly performed this chore as a service, operating at cost. In this atmosphere, the cost of back issues was never very high; the pleasure was in reading them, not in buying and selling them. The appearance of a "scalper" on the scene threatened to destroy this, for the simple reason that his *buying* prices were often twice as much as the going price among fans. And should a fan be tempted to sell his collection to the dealer, the resale price might be six times the "fan" price. Larry could see that the whole character of fandom would change if such dealers became a part of it. It's difficult to quote excerpts of this debate, if only because the prices mentioned are so disproportionately low in comparison to the prices EC's command today that they draw attention away from the concepts being discussed. Then, too, Larry's point is

"Sure, kid! It was comics what made me do it!"

so alien to today's fandom that it would need more space than is available here to adequately present his position.

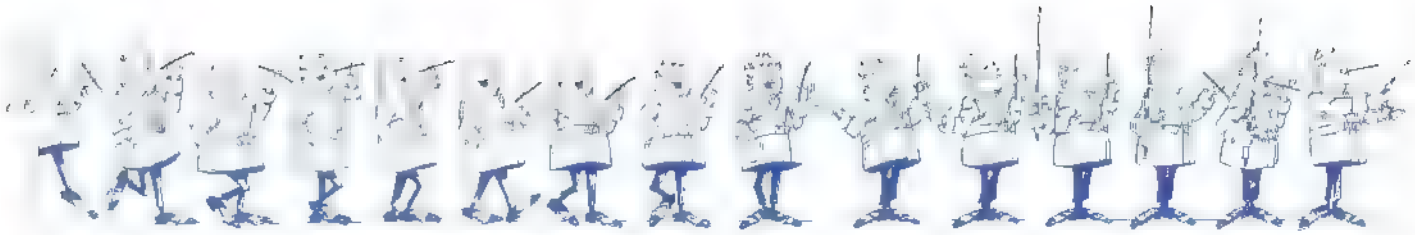
With issue #5, *Potrzebie* saw another format change, to six legal length (8½ x 14 inch) pages. The cover has another cartoon dig at the Wertham thesis, and a banner stating "See Inside for More 'Scalpers.'" The contents are a bit of a letdown from the previous issue, being primarily small talk, ads and news notes. The most substantial item is a page of news from Larry Stark. There is a short article complaining about the inactivity of The EC Fan-Addict Club, and a letter from Jim McCauley, editor of *The EC Slime Sheet*, taking Clowers to task for using such overdone fan features as the Wertham cartoons and "A Visit to EC." Despite the cover banner, there is not much about "scalpers."

An editorial promises a new bi-weekly schedule for *Pot*. But unless and/or until more issues surface from obscurity, we'll never know whether Clowers maintained that schedule.

Although it was one of the better EC fanzines of the period, *Potrzebie* was not typical. For one thing, it was probably the only one to change hands during its run. Stewart was reaching for a goal with his *Potrzebie*, to present a serious, more lasting critical overview of EC. Clowers, with his high school paper format, was more news item and fan discussion oriented. Possibly each represented the extremes of their approach. Most of the other EC fanzines up to the end of the decade were to combine these two concepts in one form or another.

—John Benson

In the next instalment, your chronicler (shown here taking in the sights at London's Trafalgar Square in 1954) would like to cover The EC Fan Journal *and* The EC World Press, *two substantial examples of the first wave of fanzines that came out while EC was still publishing the New Trends. Unfortunately, at this time only three issues of these titles have surfaced, which would somewhat curtail extended coverage. If anyone has copies of these old fanzines, please speak up! The legendary* Hoohah *is also due for early coverage; for this, all issues are available.*



ANIMATED DAVIS

The first time Jack Davis's art was featured on film, in the trailer for *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, World*, it was not animated. The only movement came from the photomation techniques of cuts, zooms and pans across the art Davis did for the film's poster.

Most of his film work since then—all for TV commercials—has been in full animation of very high calibre. But because of the ephemeral nature of commercials, and because some have only been shown regionally, the fact that Davis has done over a dozen may come as a surprise even to those who are aware that his output in all media is so prolific that the average person is exposed to only a fraction of it.

The Lectric Shave commercials have probably had the widest exposure, but they're pretty dull, with most of the action being conversation about the product between ordinary characters that the agency didn't really need Davis to create. The other commercials are all more imaginative, an example being the recent Gillette commercial that features a caped evil looking grey "Shadow" haunting the hero at 5 o'clock.

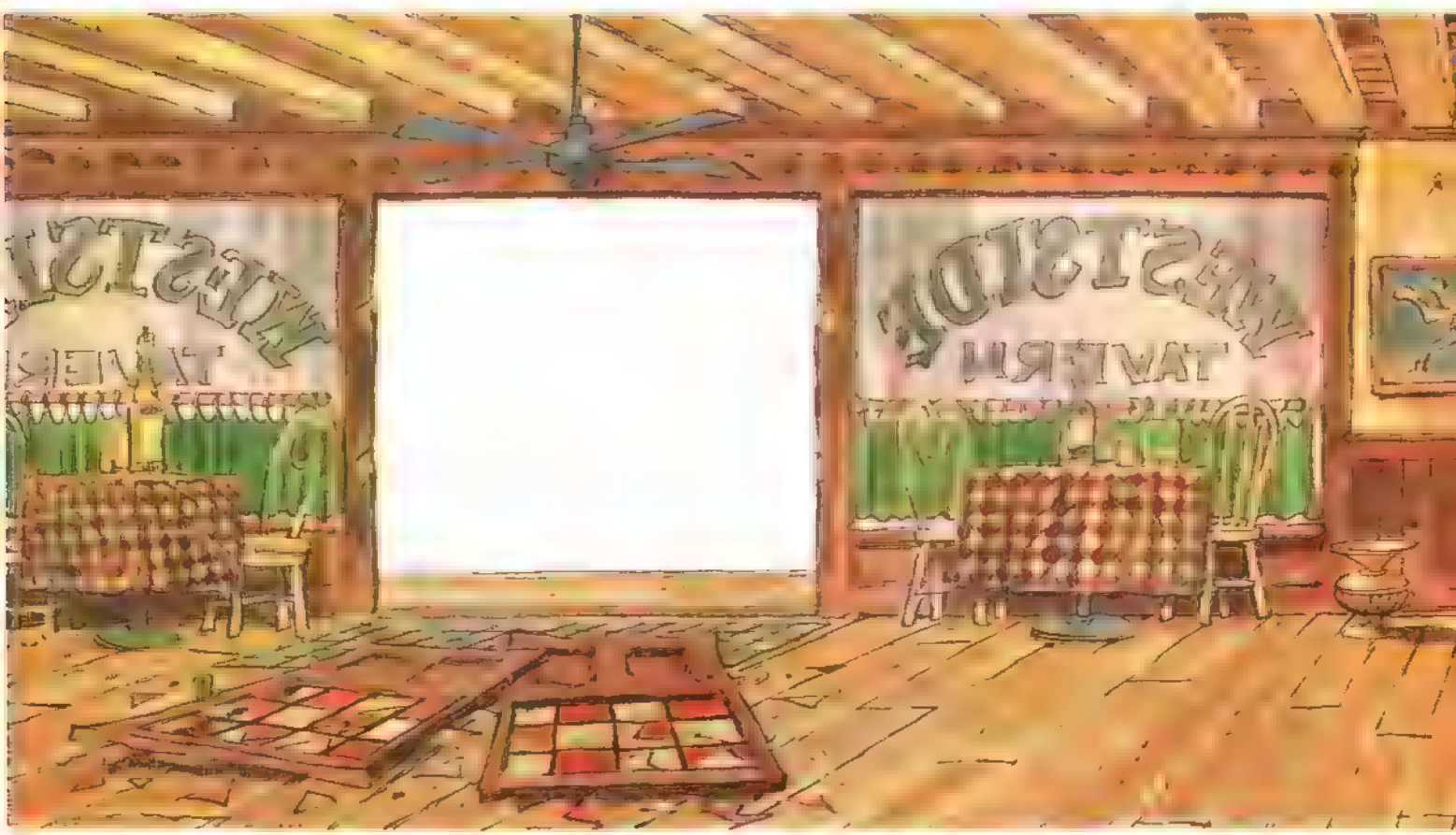
Some Davis's best commercials advertise local products. Utica Club's "Big Sid," seen in upper New York State, shows a big mean ornery gangster type bashing down the barroom door, and anything or anyone else in the way, to get at his favorite brew. Country Club's "Clyde Clubb," another regional commercial with a lot of action, stars a demolition derby driver who "gets smashed" on Saturday night. This send-up of the old "Beverage of Moderation" campaigns is softened by an anti-littering pitch.

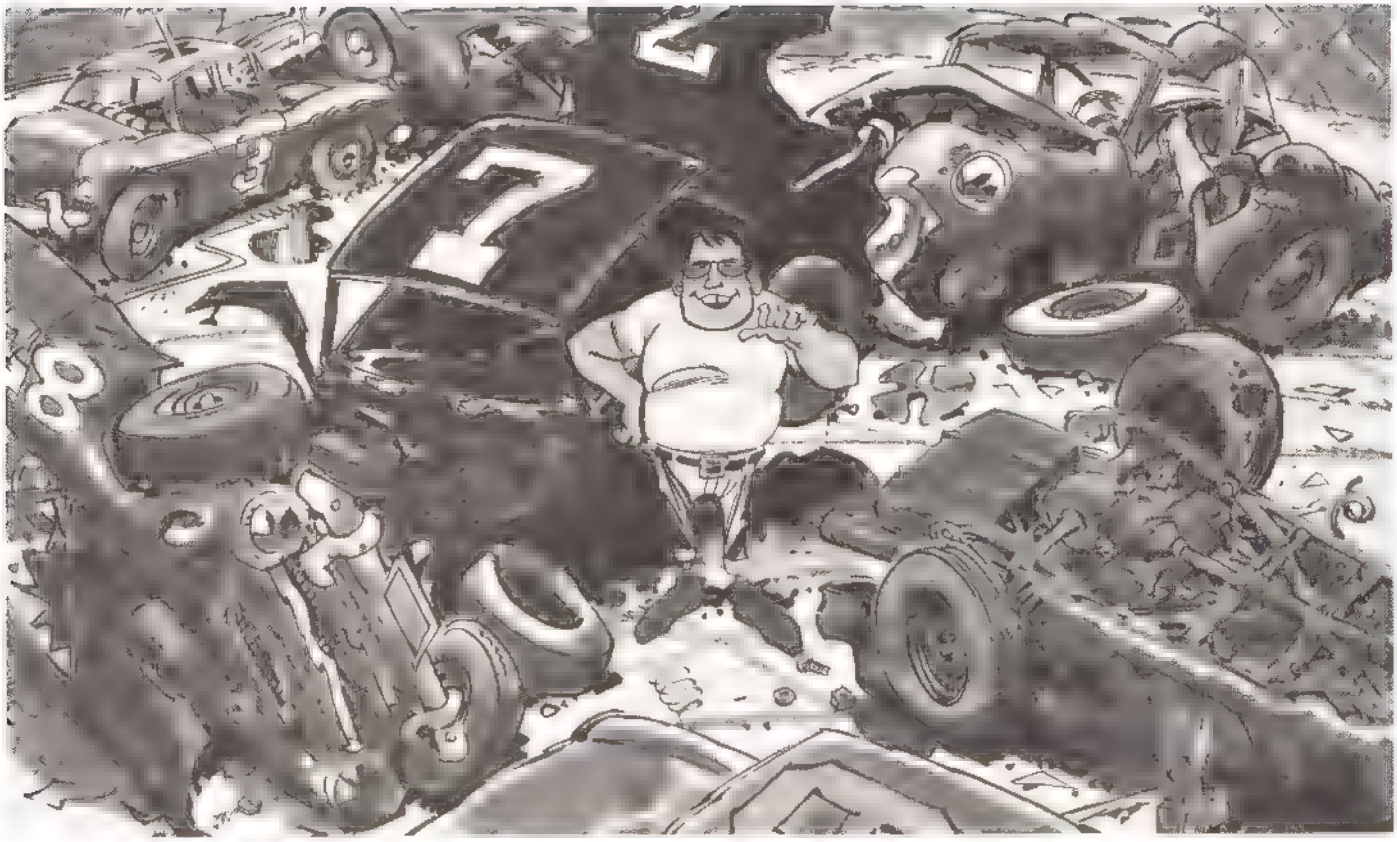
Probably the best is for Cask Mountain Wine, seen in the Midwest, which depicts a bunch of hillbillies having a rousing grape squashing hoedown inside a wine bottle, accompanied by infectious bluegrass music.

Much of the credit for the general excellence of Davis's commercials must be given to Phil Kimmelman, who directed all but two of them. He gave them all the skill and care that has made Phil Kimmelman & Associates (PK&A) the frequent winner of industry awards. *(continued on pg. 46)*

On this page: True Temper Uni-Spin.

Above and left: Cask Mountain Wine. The gentleman on the left kicks off the film by jumping into the bottle from the lip.





Above: Country Club's "Clyde Clubb." Below: Pan background for Utica Club's "Big Sid."

Typically, Davis' contribution to a TV commercial follows this pattern. The advertising agency creates a concept and writes a script, and decides that Jack Davis would be a good person to illustrate it. They then will approach PK&A to do the animation, citing Davis as the artist they want. Or, they might contact Davis directly, who would, in turn, tell them that he wants to work with PK&A.

Davis prepares a storyboard, to give the script continuity. He then makes a variety of different character sketches, from which the agency chooses the ones to be used in the film. From these, Jack prepares layout drawings—detailed key action figure drawings for the entire film. He also paints the backgrounds for each scene, to be used behind the animator's figure cels.

At this point his work is essentially finished, and the film goes through the animation stages of direction, sound production, animation, assistant animation, ink and paint, and camera. The assistant animator's contribution is very important, since he must insure that all the drawings look as though they were drawn by Jack Davis.

There are several bits of Davis "animation" that are not included in the filmography below. For example—the New York subway system has clocks with built in advertising posters with back-lit moving scrolls that can give a picture the appearance of motion, usually something thrilling like Scotch pouring with molasses speed from a bottle to a glass. But about seven years ago an FM rock station used the technique on their posters to cleverly make Davis caricatures of Dylan, the Beatles, Joan Baez and others dance and seemingly play their instruments. This was not film, of course, but definitely a form of animation.

Davis recalls being flown to Hollywood, *circa* 1967, by an Atlanta, Ga. ad agency to work on some presumably local Atlanta TV spots for Dodge auto dealers. He did some art directly on animation cels and then flew back to New York. To what use his art was put, or even the name of the agency or animation studio, Jack can no longer recollect.

Davis has also made a complete commercial with Kimmelman which has never been aired on TV because of a change in the ad agency's campaign. In such cases, information about the film remains confidential.

In addition to commercials, Davis has also designed about a half dozen advertising test films (again, in association with PK&A). These are made to be shown to special test market audiences in theatres and have no further public showing. Though limited animation techniques are used, the films are more elaborate than the term suggests and are carefully produced. If a film tests well, it may be remade in full animation for TV exposure, but is more likely to be filmed as a live action spot.

— John Benson

A JACK DAVIS FILMOGRAPHY

NBC

Football games commercial 1971. 60 sec. (a few limited movements, otherwise photomation only).

"The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola" show opening. ca 1975. 20 sec. (photomation only).

ELEKTRA FILMS

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World theatrical trailer. 1963. *Director:* Cliff Roberts. *Animator:* Phil Kimmelman. 85 sec. (photomation only).

Costa Ice Cream. ca. 1967. *Agency:* Carl Ally (NYC). *Director:* Jack Dazzo. *Animator:* Jack Dazzo. 30 sec.

FOCUS DESIGN, INC.

Mrs. Smith's Pies 1970. *Agency:* J. M. Korn (Philadelphia) *Director:* Phil Kimmelman. *Animator:* Jack Schnerk. *Asst. Animator:* Bill Peckmann. 30 sec.

"Big Sid" Utica Club. 1970. *Agency:* D. K. G. (NYC). *Director:* Phil Kimmelman. *Animator.* Jack Schnerk. *Asst Animator:* Bill Peckmann. 30 sec.

Lectric Shave (man shaving). 1971. *Agency:* Della Femina, Travisano, and partners (NYC). *Director:* Phil Kimmelman. *Animator:* Jack Schnerk. *Asst. Animator:* Vic Barbetta. 30 sec.

Lectric Shave (man and wife). 1972. *Agency.* Della Femina, *et al Director:* Gordon Bellamy. *Animator:* Jack Schnerk. *Asst. Animator:* Vic Barbetta 30 sec.

PHIL KIMMELMAN AND ASSOCIATES (all films directed by Phil Kimmelman)

Cask Mountain Wine. 1973. *Agency:* Wm. Biggs and Asso (Kalamazoo). *Animator:* Sal Faillace. *Asst. Animators:* Bill Peckmann, Vic Barbetta, Bob Charito. *Music.* Mamorsky, Zimmerman and Hamm, Inc. 60 sec. and 30 sec

"Father and Son" Lectric Shave. 1973. *Agency:* Della Femina, *et al Animator:* Sal Faillace *Asst Animator.* Bob Charito 30 sec.

"Clyde Clubb" Country Club Malt Liquor. 1974. *Agency.* North Castle Partners (Greenwich, Conn.). *Animator:* Phil Kimmelman. *Asst. Animator:* Jack Davis. 30 sec

Uni-Spin True Temper. 1974. *Agency:* Munger, Riethmiller, and Asso. (Cleveland). *Animator:* Dante Barbetta. *Asst Animator.* Vic Barbetta. 30 sec.

"Split Screen" Lectric Shave. 1974. *Agency:* Della Femina, *et al. Animator:* Dante Barbetta. *Asst. Animator:* Vic Barbetta. 30 sec

"Shadow" Gillette Trac II. 1976. *Agency:* Benton and Bowles (NYC). *Animator:* Sal Faillace. *Asst. Animator:* Tony Creazzo. 30 sec

"Yell, Bingo" Pennsylvania Lottery. 1977. *Agency:* Lewis and Gilman (Philadelphia). *Animator:* Sal Faillace. *Asst Animator:* Tony Creazzo. 10 sec. (still in production as of March 1977). ■■

(LETTERS continued from pg. 35)
realistic' artists doing the Krigstein pages?

Actually, the story which Kurtzman asked Krigstein to consider redoing was not "Bringing Back Father" but "From Eternity Back to Here." And that, I think, was a successful story.

Squa Tront is, of course, delightful to anyone who knew and loved EC. However, I feel that more attention should be concentrated on the real artistic prime mover of the EC group, Albert Feldstein. The contributions of the various artists are, naturally, more obvious than the guiding hand behind the EC effort, but that is really all the more reason why his work should be examined.

After all, it is possible to imagine EC with an entirely different group of artists, but the EC achievement would have been very different, if it had happened at all, without Feldstein.

Feldstein's EC adaptations of the Bradbury stories remain the highest points of the art, and his later editorship of *Mad* magazine, after Kurtzman left, saw that publication become the largest-selling humor magazine in the world.

Feldstein's ability was recently brought home to me by the adaptations done by Marvel artists and writers, both in their regular books and in the black and white *Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction.* The art on all of them was skillful, but the stories completely lacked the coherence, the poetry and the intensity that Feldstein brought to his work. And this is ironic in a way, because even though Marvel's attempts fall short of the EC stuff, EC was obviously the inspiration, the reason why the stories were adapted at all.

—Robert Parsons
Nashville, Tenn.

Dubbing Feldstein as the artistic prime mover of EC puts fellow editors Johnny Craig and Harvey Kurtzman in limbo. It would seem, rather, that Feldstein's considerable contribution to EC was part of a group effort, and the 'guiding hand,' if there was one, belonged to Bill Gaines.

I'll confine my comments on *Squa Tront* #6 to "An Examination of 'Master Race'," since that story is always cited when the case for Krigstein's importance is being argued.

I don't like "Master Race," which seems to me a textbook example of Krigstein's flaws as an artist. I admire him as an organizer of spaces, a composer of panels, but for me the emotional content of his stories is about nil. He is too cool an artist to deal with so emotion-charged a subject as the Nazi atrocities. I do like some of the Krigstein stories I've seen—especially "Flying Machine"—but "Master Race" is cold and dead. I can only assent to what you and your co-authors say about the masterful ways in which Krigstein has broken down the story; but when I look at those panels, and read the story as a whole, I am not simply left unmoved, I am almost repelled. I think there is a clue to my reaction in Krigstein's close-ups, which are invariably awkward and ugly; he seems unable to make

direct contact with human feelings, and without that, we are left with nothing but artful patterns.

What little literary merit the story may originally have had is curdled by the damned EC surprise ending. How much better "Master Race" would have been if we had known from the start who was the camp commander and who was the victim. What does the twist add, how does it illuminate the situation, what does it tell us about the two characters? The basic idea—a confrontation between a camp commander and camp victim, on neutral ground is powerful enough; the surprise ending simply cheapens it. Without the surprise ending, you also wouldn't need those wretched Feldstein captions.

These criticisms go to the merits of "Master Race" itself But I also strongly dislike the type of criticism that your article represents—the close reading of the "text," to dig out every nugget that it contains. I prefer criticism that does not break a work down into fragments, but responds to it as a whole—a response that attempts to match the scope of the work itself, instead of dissecting it as if it were a frog. No one reads "Master Race" panel-by-panel, and if they do come to notice the subtleties that you point out, they do so within the context of a more general response. I find that context lacking in your piece, despite your obvious admiration for the story.

But, believe it or not, I did enjoy the magazine.

—Mike Barrier
Alexandria, Va.

That tastes differ is axiomatic. It's a struggle for me to understand how someone could make the statement "the emotional content of Krigstein's stories is about nil," my own response is so completely different. In the fifties (years before I thought of closely analyzing Krigstein's work to try to discover the reason for my response), it was the Krigstein stories that I most looked forward to reading, precisely because of their emotional content. As a matter of fact, the first time I saw his work was in a two panel teaser for Impact *that appeared in* Mad *# 21. Interestingly enough, one of those two panels was that seemingly coldly rendered "distancing" long shot of the antagonists reading their newspapers in the subway Yet I can recall being gripped by those two panels, being drawn back to them again and again, and eagerly awaiting the appearance of the book which contained the whole story. And certainly at that time I was untainted by intellectual fantasies of comics as art. Even today, "Master Race" is, for me, an intensely emotional comic story.*

I do feel a kinship with your remarks about the type of criticism we attempted in "An Examination of 'Master Race,'" which is why I wrote a caveat in the editorial column. That kind of analysis can easily be abused. Certainly it would hardly be useful to study Carl Barks' work in that fashion, for example But I don't feel that any one critical approach or method must be adhered to to the exclusion of all others. The same might be said of artistic approaches, for that matter. I never felt I had to choose between the emphasis on story and characterization of Barks and the pictorial intensity of Krigstein. Each is the master of the direction they chose.

The Krigstein issue was a most worthy effort. An artist expressing more than a mechanical interest in what he's done is far too rare. Criticism is still easy when the product itself doesn't always adequately represent the thought and sincerity behind it, and many artists have used Krigstein-like approaches purely as shortcuts in effort. When there is an even greater lack of detail on his part, there is nothing except an interview of the nature presented to prevent the assumption of the same holding true for him.

I hope other artists can be persuaded to prepare similar checklists and commentaries on their efforts. Too many, particularly during the forties, worked anonymously in obscure places (and often under the names of others), doing work of a calibre very worthy of preservation and recognition.

Krigstein (undoubtedly to the dismay of editors) was known for his unpredictable extremes. In 1952 there was superb Krigstein work appearing which hardly anyone noticed or saved, since it was for titles that had little appeal. It was also the year that a generation of kids was anxiously looking forward to a good comic book adaptation of the most popular TV space series, *Space Patrol*. But when the *Space Patrol* comic finally appeared, bearing the large signature "B. Krigstein," it was in the form of a seemingly rushed product so ugly and crude that few of even the most devoted fans could stomach the thought of buying it. Since few publishers seemed to possess the brains to pinpoint a problem, no matter how obvious, the immediate failure of the Krigstein version destroyed all interest on their part to try again. For that generation of kids, "B. Krigstein" can never be forgiven.

For the above reasons, it's hard to find much Krigstein work preserved outside of his EC efforts. Yet an outstanding art book could be put together from just his pre-EC work. Your issue was, hopefully, a step toward that realization.

—Larry Ivie
Millbrae, Calif.

There was a factor involved in the creation of *Potrzebie* that you don't mention. It was on April 21, 1954 that Gaines appeared before the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency. Larry Stark happened to see Gaines on the television news that day or the day after. He immediately sat down and wrote me a letter detailing his thoughts about this. Which certainly influenced my own opinion. Also, you'll recall that EC requested that readers write the Senate Subcommittee. I did this (and I believe I got a standard form answer), and I think Larry did also. So you see, it was definitely in the wind that EC was going to fold, although I doubt I really thought this would happen. Connecting this with *Seduction of the Innocent*, Larry's letter (which was, in a way, petrifying) was my first real contact with the repressive undercoating of the Fifties in a way that affected me. In a sense, then, I was radicalized. *Potrzebie* was not intended to have a political orientation, but my feeling was that its critical stance would prove to *someone* that EC was not a body of work that should be censored or eliminated. "The Gaines Mutiny Courtroom Scene" was initiated, as I remember it, within a week after Gaines took the stand in Washington. I can recall working at it on my back porch while listening to the Army-McCarthy hearings on the radio (which I listened to all that summer).

Of course, I too had a high school newspaper background which ran concurrently with my fanzines. But Clowers orientation to high school journalism seemed to be to follow all the layout rules and justification procedures . . . and apply these to fanzines. My own concept of these overlaps was that fandom was anarchic and free. I applied the principles of *Mad* and fanzines to high school journalism in an effort to bring this anarchy right into the corridors of the school. If I drifted away from EC fandom in late '54-early '55, it was not only because of the crayon-letters (which bothered me just as much as it did Ted), but also because I had become totally obsessed with writing a parody of my high school paper, *The Stylus*. I dreamed up *The Pig Sty-lus* in October and wrote all that fall. It was suppressed. Then I began making plans to see it surface, which had to be conducted in total secrecy. It finally appeared in May 1955, only a few weeks before my graduation, at which point I was tossed out of school.

Like *The Stylus*, *The Pig Sty lus* was 12 pages long and mimeographed. Secretly mimeoed, in fact, on the school mimeo and also out of town by a friend. It sold out in one day, but buyers resold their copies or gave them to others until, by the end of the week, everyone in town had read it. I was told that, years later, people still prized their copies. The look and feel of the parody was almost indistinguishable from the original. It featured satirical barbs at *Stylus* writers, various students, teachers, the principal. But what gave it wider appeal throughout the town were the ad satires on local merchants, something I might have overlooked were it not for Kurtzman's "Movie Ads" and "Newspapers" which appeared that summer in *Mad*. The best part of *The Pig Sty lus*, I think, was the parody of the 'gossip column,' a weekly page of one-line items like, "Juanita and Gloria were seen having a Coke with Oogly and Jim H. at the drug store last Saturday night." It really attacked the *Last Picture Show* emptiness of East Texas life, and I recall that Juanita, who wrote the *Stylus* column (always including several items about herself), really loved this satire on her. Others, especially teachers, weren't too pleased.

Regarding Stark's 'scalpers' controversy: my attitude toward acquiring back issues in the Fifties was that I had no interest in the matter. I expended a great deal of time and effort to find the books on the newsstands. However, if I missed an issue I dropped the matter. To me, EC was an ongoing thing, something one participated in *as it happened*. After Picto-Fiction I stopped thinking about EC, and I never thought about getting back issues until becoming involved in the Nostalgia Press EC book. I seem to vaguely recall the 'scalper' controversy. It turned my stomach so much that I found nothing left for me in EC fandom.

—Bhob Stewart
Cambridge, Mass.

(Some of Bhob's comments relate to "Potrzebie Bounces" in this issue, which he read in manuscript form before publication.)

The EC fanzine article was a bit boring, but do finish Part II. I don't like reading unfinished articles.

—Julio Rey
Miami, Fla.

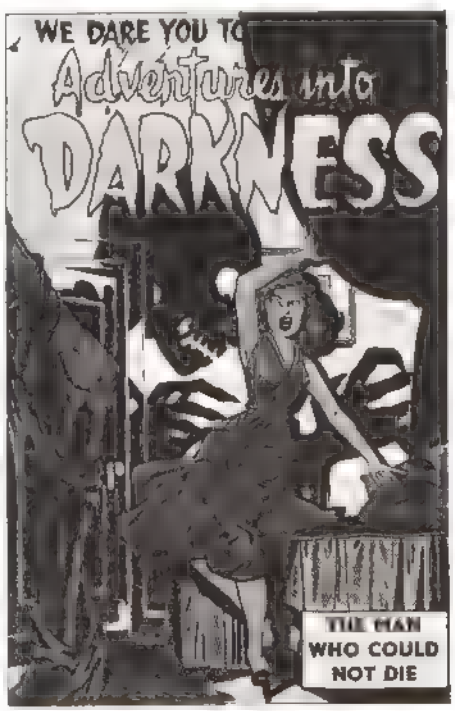
The article I most enjoyed and found the most interesting was "The EC Fanzines—Part I" I am anxiously awaiting future installments.

—Larry F. Cox
Mississauga, Ontario

The few letters received commenting on the fanzine feature have been mostly favorable This issue not only chronicles the early fanzines but also features a substantial reprint. We would be very interested to know whether Squa Tront *readers would like to see more reprints from early fanzines (particularly articles that are primarily made up of story by story analysis)*

Address all letters of comment to. John Benson, 207 W. 80th Street, # 2B, New York N Y. 10024. ■■

"Swipe File" addenda. The cover below was discovered just before we went to press Compare it with the Beware *cover on pg. 16, which was published just five months later.*



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OTE — THE E.C. GANG
LE STUART USINESS ANAGER
REED CRANDALL
HIRLEY NORRIS
-SHE OUGHTA FLY NOW!
EVANS-
-GOSH, THESE COFFINS ARE REALLY COMFORTABLE.
JOHNNY CRAIG
DEAD LETTER DEPT.
-DAD, COULD WE HAVE THE KEYS TO THE HEARSE!
Joe Orlando
AL WILLIAMSON
FELDSTEIN
GHASTLY Ingels
E.C. ERASER
MEETING OF THE BORED
JACK KAMEN
BILL ELDER

"They said something about their species dying off ... and they'd rather have the girl!"
Elder.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE KRIGSTEIN BIBLIOGRAPHY

CORRECTIONS

The story "Pickett's Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg" appeared in Vol. 5 # 12 of *Airboy Comics*, not Vol. 5 # 2 as listed last issue. The date, January 1949, is correct. Krigstein did not do a cover for *Eerie Adventures*, as was indicated. The item in question was a *back* cover (see listing below).

ADDITIONS

Issue No.	Date	No. of Pages	Story title; Remarks
Crime Must Stop (Hillman)			
1	Oct 52	5	The Sunshine Courier
Darling Love (Close-Up)			
9	52	8	Love Puzzle
Eerie Adventures (Ziff-Davis)			
1	Winter 51	1	back cover
Golden Arrow Western (Fawcett)			
6	Spring 47	11 2/3	Sheriff for a Day
Love Diary (Toytown/Patches)			
1	Jul 49	9	The Man I Wanted
2	Oct 49	8	Liar
Love Romances (Atlas)			
36	Feb 54	5	Happy Ending
Lovers (Atlas)			
38	Mar 52	7	The Talk of the Town
Master Comics (Fawcett)			
93	Jul 48	7	Nyoka the Jungle Girl in "The Deadly Revenge"
Nyoka the Jungle Girl (Fawcett)			
v2n11	Sep 47	6	Nyoka the Jungle Girl in The Strange Hunt, Part II—"The Castle in the Jungle"
v2n11	Sep 47	6	Part III—"The Mad Count's Quest"
v3n13	Nov 47	6	Nyoka the Jungle Girl and the Human Leopards
v3n13	Nov 47	6	Part II—"Devil-Face Cliff"
v3n13	Nov 47	6	Part III—"Terror in the Tree"
v3n14	Dec 47	5 2/3	Nyoka the Jungle Girl and the Witch Doctor's Madness. Part 1—"The Jungle Epidemic"
v3n14	Dec 47	5	Part 2—"The Lajos Cure"
v3n14	Dec 47	6	Part 3—"Bewitched"
v3n16	Feb 48	5 2/3	Nyoka the Jungle Girl and The Vultures of Kahari. Part I—"Death Mountain"
v3n16	Feb 48	5	Part II—"Trapped"
v3n16	Feb 48	5 2/3	Part III—"The Last of the Lobus"
Picture News Presents Dick Quick, Ace Reporter (News in Color and Action)			
10	Jan-Feb 47	2	The Famous Niagara Falls
10	Jan-Feb 47	4	Juke Box King and Queen of 1947
Real Clue Crime Stories (Hillman)			
v4n10	Dec 49	8	$22,000 Worth of Wheelbarrows
Sensation Comics (DC)			
83	Nov 48	7	Wildcat—"The Strange Gibson Case"
Target Comics (Novelty)			
v8n2	Apr 47	5	Bull's-Eye Bill
v8n7	Sep 47	5	Bull's-Eye Bill
Treasure Comics (Prize)			
6	Apr-My 46	6	The Treasure Keeper (pencilling only)
6	Apr-My 46	4	Know Your America—Henry Hudson (pencilling only)
11	Sum 47	1	cover
The Westerner Comics (Toytown/Patches)			
25	Feb 50	7	Nuggets Nugent, The Bullfighter (pencilling only)
Western Fighters (Hillman)			
v1n10	Sep 49	8	The Birth of the Six-Shooter
Whiz Comics (Fawcett)			
75	Jun 46	5	Golden Arrow and the Loan Shark
78	Sep 46	6	Golden Arrow
91	Nov 47	5 2/3	Golden Arrow in the Unlucky Gold Rush
95	Mar 48	7	Golden Arrow and the Dangerous Toys
96	Apr 48	6	Golden Arrow and the Magic Flute
98	Jun 48	6	Golden Arrow—The Warring Tribe
99	Jul 48	6 2/3	Golden Arrow in "Automatic Trouble"
100	Aug 48	6	Golden Arrow in Jailed

COMMENTS

Through an oversight it was not mentioned last issue that *Crime SuspenStories* # 25, which contains Krigstein's "Key Chain," has been reprinted by East Coast Comix as *EC Classic Reprint* # 6.

By a process of elimination it seems likely that "Not My Decision to Make" in *Love Diary* (the only question marks in last issue's listing still unanswered) appeared in issue # 3.

Hames Ware reports that his records show Krigstein work in *Master Comics* #s 82, 88, 92 and 94. At this writing we have been unable to locate copies for confirmation.

Last issue's caution should be repeated: there are a number of comics incorrectly attributed to Krigstein in Overstreet's *Price Guide*. These include (but are certainly not limited to): *All True Crime* # 33, *Mystic* # 61, *Navy Combat* # 13, *Strange Tales* # 16, *Tales of Suspense* # 52, *Wanted* # 16, *War* # 8, *Weird Thrillers* # 1 and *The Westerner* # 17. None of these books have any Krigstein art.

It should be mentioned that various Ace comics, such as *Crime Must Pay the Penalty* and *Hand of Fate*, have recently been advertised as containing Krigstein work. They do not; Krigstein never worked for Ace. Also, there are some stories with a Krigstein feel in later issues of *Love Diary* (1952 and 1953) which are not Krigstein, in spite of his presence in the first few issues.

Compiled with the assistance of J.B. Clifford, Jr. and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.

AL WILLIAMSON

-ROK-